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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Athens: its Rise and Fall; with Views of the Arts, Literature, and Social Life of the Athenian People. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

MR. BULWER stands too high in the literature of his country and age, not to be exposed to all those assaults which have ever attended living genius. His works of fiction are read and admired in every language of Europe, and are spread, like Scott's, over the face of the civilised world. His poetical imaginings have stirred the bosoms of the gentle lovers of nature of every class, and in every clime. His classic creations have extorted the praises of the learned, while they excited the best sympathies of unschooled humanity. His general views of society and national manners have been received with attention by the philosophical and observant:—and he is yet in the spring-tide of early manhood. It might be thought that such an individual would reap nothing from his contemporaries but gratitude and admiration; and so he does from the vast mass. But such is the weakness of our nature—such the melancholy operation of personal and party feelings, that we have often, and but lately too, seen this man attempted to be held up to ridicule, and vituperated as a shallow, misled pretender. He, however, needs no defence from us for the past. In spite of envy and malice he holds his own proud station; and what a few of his own time may deny him, will be liberally granted by a juster posterity.

In the present publication he comes before us as a historian; and well does he sustain the grand effort. Years of labour have not been mispent in research and consideration; and the style is worthy of the best name in this elevated department of our national literature. More we will not say now. Our opinion must, as yet, of necessity, be hasty and general: with sufficient opportunity to afford the reflexion such a publication demands, we shall hereafter endeavour to discharge our critical duty.

The work (of which two other volumes are promised to complete the design) is dedicated, with due acknowledgments, to Mr. Fynes Clinton, the author of the "Fasti Hellenici." Mr. Bulwer, differing from the course of Mr. Thirlwall, looks more to the subjects of literature than wars; brings down his narrative to the period of the supreme administration of Pericles, and ends with an analysis of the tragedies of Sophocles. The great object is to explain the rise and fall of Athens; and the author commences with an antiquarian examination into the origin of the Greeks. Without pausing on this, we shall beg to exemplify the skill and mastery of mind displayed throughout, by a fine sketch of a portion of the mythology.

"The mythology of the early Greeks may, perhaps, be derived from the following principal sources:—First, the worship of natural objects; and of divinities, so formed, the most unequivocally national will obviously be those most associated with their mode of life, and the influences of their climate. When the savage first entrusts the seed to the bosom of the earth

—when, through a strange and unaccountable process, he beholds what he buried in one season spring forth the harvest of the next—the earth itself, the mysterious garner, the benign, but sometimes the capricious reproducer of the treasures committed to its charge, becomes the object of the wonder, the hope, and the fear, which are the natural origin of adoration and prayer. Again, when he discovers the influence of the heaven upon the growth of his labour—when, taught by experience, he acknowledges its power to blast, or to mellow—then, by the same process of ideas, the heaven also assumes the character of divinity, and becomes a new agent, whose wrath is to be propitiated, whose favour is to be won. What common sense thus suggests to us, our researches confirm, and we find, accordingly, that the earth and the heaven are the earliest deities of the agricultural Pelasgi. As the Nile to the fields of the Egyptian, earth and heaven to the culture of the Greek. The effects of the sun upon human labour and human enjoyment are so sensible to the simplest understanding, that we cannot wonder to find that glorious luminary among the most popular deities of ancient nations. Why search through the East to account for its worship in Greece? More easy to suppose that the inhabitants of a land, whom the sun so especially favoured, saw and blest it for it was good, than, amidst innumerable contradictions and extravagant assumptions, to decide upon that remoter shore whence was transplanted a deity whose effects were so benignant, whose worship so natural, to the Greeks. And in the more plain belief we are also borne out by the more sound inductions of learning. For it is noticeable that neither the moon nor the stars—favourite divinities with those who enjoyed the serene nights, or inhabited the broad plains of the East—were (though probably admitted among the Pelagic deities) honoured with that intense and reverent worship which attended them in Asia and in Egypt. To the Pelasgi, not yet arrived at the intellectual stage of philosophical contemplation, the most sensible objects of influence would be the most earnestly adored. What the stars were to the East, their own beautiful Aurora, awakening them to the delight of their genial and temperate climate, was to the early Greeks. Of deities, thus created from external objects, some will rise out (if I may use the expression) of natural accident, and local circumstance. An earthquake will connect a deity with the earth, an inundation with the river or the sea. The Grecian soil bears the marks of maritime revolution; many of the tribes were settled along the coast, and, perhaps, had already adventured their rafts upon the main. A deity of the sea (without any necessary revelation from Africa) is, therefore, among the earliest of the Grecian gods. The attributes of each deity will be formed from the pursuits and occupations of the worshippers—sanguinary with the warlike—gentle with the peaceful. The pastoral Pelagi of Arcadia honoured the pastoral Pan for ages before he was received by their Pelagic brotherhood of Attica; and the agricultural Demeter or Ceres will be recognised among many

tribes of the agricultural Pelasgi, which no Egyptian is reputed, even by tradition,* to have visited. The origin of prayer is in the sense of dependence, and in the instinct of self-preservation, or self-interest. The first objects of prayer to the infant man will be those on which, by his localities, he believes himself to be most dependent for whatever blessings his mode of life inclines him the most to covet, or from which may come whatever peril his instinct will teach him the most to deprecate and fear. It is this obvious truth which destroys all the crude systems that would refer the different creeds of the heathen to some single origin. Till the earth be the same in each region—till the same circumstances surround every tribe—different impressions, in nations yet unconverted and uncivilised, must produce different deities. Nature suggests a God, and man invests him with attributes. Nature and man, the same as a whole, vary in details; the one does not every where suggest the same notions—the other cannot every where imagine the same attributes. As with other tribes so with the Pelasgi, or primitive Greeks: their early gods were the creatures of their own early impressions. As one source of religion was in external objects, so another is to be found in internal sensations and emotions. The passions are so powerful in their effects upon individuals and nations, that we can be little surprised to find those effects attributed to the instigation and influence of a supernatural being. Love is individualised and personified in nearly all mythologies; and love, therefore, ranks among the earliest of the Grecian gods. Fear, or terror, whose influence is often so strange, sudden, and unaccountable—seizing even the bravest—spreading through numbers with all the speed of an electric sympathy—and deciding in a moment the destiny of an army or the ruin of a tribe—is another of those passions, easily supposed the *afflatus* of some preternatural power, and easily, therefore, susceptible of personification. And the pride of men, more especially if habitually courageous and warlike, will gladly yield to the credulities which shelter a degrading and unwonted infirmity beneath the agency of a superior being. Terror, therefore, received a shape and found an altar probably as early at least as the heroic age. According to Plutarch, Theseus sacrificed to terror previous to his battle with the Amazons;—an idle tale, it is true, but proving, perhaps, the antiquity of a tradition. As society advanced from barbarism, arose more intellectual creations; as cities were built, and as, in the constant flux and reflux of martial tribes, cities were overthrown, the elements of the social state grew into personification, to which influence was attributed, and reverence paid. Thus were fixed into divinity and shape, order, peace, justice, and the stern and gloomy orcos,† witness of the oath, avenger of the perjury. This, the second source of religion, though more subtle and refined in its creations, had still its origin in the same human causes as the first, viz. anticipation of good and apprehension of

* "The connexion of Ceres with Isis was a subsequent innovation."

† Orco was the personification of an oath, or the sanctity of an oath.

evil. Of deities so created, many, however, were the inventions of poets (poetic metaphor is a fruitful mother of mythological fable); many, also, were the graceful refinements of a subsequent age. But some (and nearly all those I have enumerated) may be traced to the earliest period to which such researches can ascend. It is obvious that the eldest would be connected with the passions—the more modern with the intellect. It seems to me apparent, that almost simultaneously with deities of these two classes would arise the greater and more influential class of personal divinities which gradually expand into the heroic dynasty of Olympus. The associations which one tribe, or one generation, united with the heaven, the earth, or the sun, another might obviously connect, or confuse, with a spirit or genius inhabiting or influencing the element or physical object which excited their anxiety or awe; and, this creation effected, so what one tribe or generation might ascribe to the single personification of a passion, a faculty, or a moral and social principle, another would just as naturally refer to a personal and more complex deity:—that which in one instance would form the very nature of a superior being, in the other would form only an attribute—swell the power and amplify the character of a Jupiter, a Mars, a Venus, or a Pan. It is in the nature of man, that personal divinities, once created and adored, should present more vivid and forcible images to his fancy than abstract personifications of physical objects and moral impressions. Thus, deities of this class would gradually rise into pre-eminence and popularity above those more vague and incorporeal; and (though I guard myself from absolutely solving in this manner the enigma of ancient theogonies) the family of Jupiter could scarcely fail to possess themselves of the shadowy thrones of the ancestral earth and the primeval heaven. A third source of the Grecian, as of all mythologies, was in the worship of men who had actually existed, or been supposed to exist; for, in this respect, errors might creep into the calendar of heroes, as they did into the calendar of saints (the hero-worship of the moderns), which has canonised many names to which it is impossible to find the owners. This was probably the latest, but perhaps, in after times, the most influential and popular, addition to the aboriginal faith. The worship of dead men once established, it was natural to a people so habituated to incorporate and familiarise religious impressions, to imagine that even their primary gods, first formed from natural impressions (and, still more, those deities they had borrowed from stranger creeds), should have walked the earth. And thus, amongst the multitude in the philosophical ages, even the loftiest of the Olympian dwellers were vaguely supposed to have known humanity;—their immortality but the apotheosis of the benefactor or the hero.

“To sum up, the above remarks conduce to these principal conclusions: First, that the Grecian mythology cannot be moulded into any of the capricious and fantastic systems of erudite ingenuity. As a whole, no mythology can be considered more strikingly original, not only because its foundations appear indigenous, and based upon the character and impressions of the people—not only because at no one period, from the earliest even to the latest date, whatever occasional resemblances may exist, can any identity be established between its most popular and essential creations, and those of any other faith; but because, even all that it borrowed it rapidly remodelled and naturalised, growing yet more individual from its very

complexity, yet more original from the plagiarisms which it embraced. Secondly, that it differed in many details in the different states; but under the development of a general intercourse, assisted by a common language, the plastic and tolerant genius of the people harmonised all discords—until (catholic in its fundamental principles) her religion united the whole of Greece in indissoluble bonds of faith and poetry—of daily customs and venerable traditions. Thirdly, that the influence of other creeds, though by no means unimportant in amplifying the character, and adding to the list, of the primitive deities, appears far more evident in the ceremonies and usages, than the personal creations, of the faith. We may be reasonably sceptical as to what Herodotus heard of the origin of rites or gods from Egyptian priests; but there is no reason to disbelieve the testimony of his experience, when he asserts that the forms and solemnities of one worship closely resemble those of another;—the imitation of a foreign ceremony is perfectly compatible with the aboriginal invention of a national God. For the rest, I think it might be (and by many scholars appears to me to have been), abundantly shewn, that the Phœnician influences upon the early mythology of the Greeks were far greater than the Egyptian, though by degrees, and long after the heroic age, the latter became more eagerly adopted, and more superficially apparent.”

The effects of their religion on the Greek character are also finely explained; and, coming to the Heroic Ages, Mr. B. says beautifully:—

“As one who has been journeying through the dark begins at length to perceive the night breaking away in mist and shadow, so that the forms of things, yet uncertain and undefined, assume an exaggerated and gigantic outline, half lost amidst the clouds,—so now, through the obscurity of fable, we descry the dim and mighty outline of the Heroic Age.”

“Much of the national spirit of every people, even in its most civilised epochs, is to be traced to the influence of that age which may be called the Heroic. The wild adventurers of the early Greece tended to humanise even in their excesses. It is true that there are many instances of their sternness, ferocity, and revenge; they were insolent from the consciousness of surpassing strength; often cruel from that contempt of life common to the warlike. But the darker side of their character is far less commonly presented to us than the brighter—they seem to have been alive to generous emotions, more readily than any other race so warlike in an age so rude: their affections were fervid as their hatreds; their friendships more remarkable than their feuds. Even their ferocity was not, as with the Scandinavian heroes, a virtue and a boast—their public opinion honoured the compassionate and the clement. Thus Hercules is said first to have introduced the custom of surrendering to the enemy the corpses of their slain; and mildness, justice, and courtesy, are no less his attributes than invincible strength and undaunted courage. Traversing various lands, these Paladins of an elder chivalry acquired an experience of different governments and customs, which assisted, on their return, to polish and refine the admiring tribes which their achievements had adorned. Like the knights of a northern myth, thus, their duty was to punish the oppressor, and redress the wronged; and they thus fixed, in the wild elements of unsettled opinion, a recognised standard of generosity and of justice. Their deeds became the theme of the poets, who sought to embellish their virtues, and ex-

temperate their offences. Thus, certain models, not indeed wholly pure or excellent, but bright with many of those qualities which ennoble a national character, were set before the emulation of the aspiring and the young; and the traditional fame of a Hercules or a Theseus assisted to inspire the souls of those who, ages afterwards, broke the Mede at Marathon, and arrested the Persian might in the Pass of Thermopylae. For, as the spirit of a poet has its influence on the destiny and character of nations, so Time himself hath his own poetry, preceding and calling forth the poetry of the human genius, and breathing inspirations, imaginative and imperishable, from the great deeds and gigantic images of an ancestral and traditional age.”

Grecian geography is next generally discussed; and we have, in particular, some stirring sketches of Sparta:—

“In their domestic life, the Spartans, like the rest of the Greeks, had but little pleasure in the society of their wives. At first the young husband only visited his bride by stealth—to be seen in company with her was a disgrace. But the women enjoyed a much greater freedom and received a higher respect in Sparta than elsewhere; the soft Asiatic distinctions in dignity between the respective sexes did not reach the hardy mountaineers of Laedæmon: the wife was the mother of men! Brought up in robust habits, accustomed to athletic exercises, her person exposed in public processions and dances—which, but for the custom that made decorous even indecency itself, would have been, indeed, licentious—the Spartan maiden, strong, hardy, and half a partaker in the ceremonies of public life, shared the habits, aided the emulation, imbibed the patriotism, of her future consort. And, by her sympathy with his habits and pursuits, she obtained an influence and ascendancy over him which were unknown in the rest of Greece. Dignified on public occasions, the Spartan matron was deemed, however, a virago in private life; and she who had no sorrow for a slaughtered son had very little deference for a living husband. Her obedience to her spouse appears to have been the most cheerfully rendered upon those delicate emergencies when the service of the state required her submission to the embraces of another!”

The governments of Greece are described and contrasted with much of sound reasoning. We offer two short specimens:—

“Now appeared the class of demagogues. The people had been accustomed to change. They had been led against monarchy, and found they had only resigned the one master to obtain the many. A demagogue arose, sometimes one of their own order, more often a dissatisfied, ambitious, or impoverished noble; for they who have wasted their patrimony, as the Stagyrite shrewdly observes, are great promoters of innovation. Party ran high, the state became divided, passions were aroused,

* “Aristotle, who is exceedingly severe on the Spartan ladies, says, very shrewdly, that the men were trained to submission to a civil by a military system, while the women were left untamed. A Spartan hero was thus made to be hecneped. Yet, with all the alleged severity of the Dorian morals, these sturdy matrons rather discarded the graces than avoided the frailties of their softer contemporaries. Plato and Aristotle give very unfavourable testimonials of their chastity. Plutarch, the blind panegyrist of Sparta, observes, with amusing composure, that the Spartan husbands were permitted to lend their wives to each other; and Polybius (in a fragment of the 12th book) informs us that it was an old-fashioned and common custom in Sparta for three or four brothers to share one wife. The poor husbands!—no doubt the lady was a match for them all! So much for those gentle creatures whom that grave German professor, M. Müller, holds up to our admiration and despair.”

and the popular leader became the popular idol. His life was, probably, often in danger from the resentment of the nobles, and it was always easy to assert that it was so endangered. He obtained a guard to protect him, conciliated the soldiers, seized the citadel, and rose at once from the head of the populace to the ruler of the state. Such was the common history of the tyrants of Greece.

"We should remove some very important prejudices from our minds, if we could once subscribe to a fact, plain in itself, but which the contests of modern party have utterly obscured—that, in the mere forms of their government, the Greek republics cannot fairly be pressed into the service of those who, in existing times, would attest the evils, or proclaim the benefits, of constitutions purely democratic. In the first place, they were *not* democracies, even in their most democratic shape: the vast majority of the working classes were the enslaved population; and, therefore, to increase the popular tendencies of the republic was, in fact, only to increase the liberties of the few. We may fairly doubt whether the worst evils of the ancient republics, in the separation of ranks, and the war between rich and poor, were not the necessary results of slavery. We may doubt, with equal probability, whether much of the lofty spirit, and the universal passion for public affairs, whence emanated the enterprise, the competition, the patriotism, and the glory of the ancient cities, could have existed without a subordinate race to carry on the drudgeries of daily life. It is clear, also, that much of the intellectual greatness of the several states arose from the exceeding smallness of their territories, the concentration of internal power, and the perpetual emulation with neighbouring and kindred states, nearly equal in civilisation; it is clear, too, that much of the vicious parts of their character, and yet much of their more brilliant, arose from the absence of the press. Their intellectual state was that of men *talked* to, *not written* to. Their imagination was perpetually called forth—their deliberative reason rarely;—they were the fitting audience for an orator, whose art is effective in proportion to the impulse and the passion of those he addresses. Nor must it be forgotten, that the representative system, which is the proper conductor of the democratic action, if not wholly unknown to the Greeks, and if unconsciously practised in the Spartan ephoracy, was, at least, never existent in the more democratic states; and assemblies of the whole people are compatible only with those small nations of which the city is the country. Thus, it would be impossible for us to propose the abstract constitution of any ancient state as a warning, or an example to modern countries which possess territories large in extent—which subsist without a slave population—which substitute representative councils for popular assemblies—and which direct the intellectual tastes and political habits of a people, not by oratory and conversation, but through the more calm and dispassionate medium of the press. This principle settled, it may, perhaps, be generally conceded, that, on comparing the democracies of Greece with all other contemporary forms of government, we find them the most favourable to mental cultivation; not more exposed than others to internal revolutions—usually, in fact, more durable; more mild and civilised in their laws; and that the worst tyranny of the Demus, whether at home or abroad, never equalled that of an oligarchy or a single ruler. That in which the ancient republics are properly models to us, consists, not in the form, but

the spirit of their legislation. They teach us that patriotism is most promoted by bringing all classes into public and constant intercourse; that intellect is most luxuriant wherever the competition is widest and most unfettered; and that legislators can create no rewards, and invent no penalties, equal to those which are silently engendered by society itself, while it maintains, elaborated into a system, the desire of glory and the dread of shame."

Early literature is the theme which closes Book I: concluding which, Mr. B. proceeds from dissertation into history. He contends for the personality of Homer, as an Asiatic Greek; but we must come to an end for the present, which we do with a cheering comparison:—

"If we examine the ways of an infant, we shall cease to wonder at those of an infant civilisation. Long before we can engage the curiosity of the child in the history of England; long before we can induce him to listen with pleasure to our stories even of Poitiers and Cressy; and (*à fortiori*) long before he can be taught an interest in Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights,—he will of his own accord question us of the phenomena of Nature; inquire how he himself came into the world; delight to learn something of the God we tell him to adore; and find in the rainbow and the thunder, in the meteor and the star, a thousand subjects of eager curiosity and reverent wonder. The *why* perpetually torments him: every child is born a philosopher!—the child is the analogy of a people yet in childhood."

Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Vol. II. 1837. Edinburgh, Cadell; London, Murray; Whittaker and Co.

The continuation of this delightful literary treasure shews that, intense as was the interest excited, it was far from being exhausted in the first volume; and, on the contrary, is maintained with almost equal spirit, and certainly introducing persons and discussions of more universal concern. It is true that the personal particulars of the infancy and first steps in literature of such a man as Scott, must ever possess attractions of the highest class; but it is not less certain that the tracing of his after progression must involve a multitude of circumstances of perhaps greater importance, though unattended by the individualities which are the more immediate charms of biography.

This volume commences with an account of the removal of Scott to his now famed residence of Ashiestiel, on the pastoral banks of the Tweed; and proceeds to detail the formation of his partnership as a printer with James Ballantyne, the publication of the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," his appointment as a clerk of session, the writing and publishing of "*Marmion*," the editing of Dryden, and other matters, to which we shall turn in future *Gazettes*. At present we follow

"To this solution of the question, Why literature should generally commence with attempts at philosophy, may be added another:—When writing first breaks upon oral communication, the reading public must necessarily be extremely confined. In many early nations, that reading public would be composed of the caste of priests; in this case philosophy would be cramped by superstition. In Greece, there being no caste of priests, philosophy embraced these studious minds addicted to a species of inquiry which rejected the poetical form, as well as the poetical spirit. It may be observed, that the more limited the reading public, the more abstract are, generally, prose compositions; as readers increase, literature goes back to the fashion of oral communication: for, if the reciter addressed the multitude in the earlier age, so the writer addresses a multitude in the later; literature, therefore, commences with poetical fiction, and usually terminates with prose fiction. It was so in the ancient world—it will be so with England and France. The harvest of novels is, I fear, a sign of the approaching exhaustion of the soil."

the order of dates; and as one of the affairs which produced very material effects throughout his whole career, commence with Scott's embarking in the printing business.

"Mr. Ballantyne, in his Memorandum, says, that very shortly after the publication of the '*Lay*,' he found himself obliged to apply to Mr. Scott for an advance of money; his own capital being inadequate for the business which had been accumulated on his press, in consequence of the reputation it had acquired for beauty and correctness of execution. Already, as we have seen, Ballantyne had received 'a liberal loan;' and now," says he, 'being compelled, maugre all delicacy, to renew my application, he candidly answered that he was not quite sure that it would be prudent for him to comply; but, in order to evince his entire confidence in me, he was willing to make a suitable advance to be admitted as a third-sharer of my business.' In truth, Scott now embarked in Ballantyne's concern almost the whole of the capital at his disposal, namely, the 5000*l.* which he had received for Rosebank, and which he had, a few months before, designed to invest in the purchase of Broadmeadows. *Dis aliter visum*. I have, many pages back, hinted my suspicion that he had formed some distant notion of such an alliance, as early as the date of Ballantyne's projected removal from Kelso to Edinburgh; and his Introduction to the '*Lay*,' in 1830, appears to leave little doubt that the hope of ultimately succeeding at the bar had waxed very faint, before the third volume of the '*Minstrelsy*' was brought out in 1803. When that hope ultimately vanished altogether, perhaps he himself would not have found it easy to tell. The most important of men's opinions, views, and projects, are sometimes taken up in so very gradual a manner, and after so many pauses of hesitation and of inward retraction, that they themselves are at a loss to trace in retrospect all the stages through which their minds have passed.

"The forming of this commercial connexion was one of the most important steps in Scott's life. He continued bound by it during twenty years, and its influence on his literary exertions and his worldly fortunes was productive of much good and not a little evil. Its effects were, in truth, so mixed and balanced during the vicissitudes of a long and vigorous career, that I at this moment doubt whether it ought, on the whole, to be considered with more of satisfaction or of regret. With what zeal he proceeded in advancing the views of the new copartnership, his correspondence bears ample evidence. The brilliant and captivating genius, now acknowledged universally, was soon discovered by the leading booksellers of the time to be united with such abundance of matured information in many departments, and, above all, with such indefatigable habits, as to mark him out for the most valuable workman they could engage for the furtherance of their schemes. He had, long before this, cast a shrewd and penetrating eye over the field of literary enterprise, and developed in his own mind the outlines of many extensive plans, which wanted nothing but the command of a sufficient body of able subalterns to be carried into execution with splendid success. Such of these as he grappled with in his own person were, with rare exceptions, carried to a triumphant conclusion: but the alliance with Ballantyne soon infected him with the proverbial rashness of mere mercantile adventure; while, at the same time, his generous feelings for other men of letters, and his characteristic propensity to over-rate their talents, combined

to hurry him and his friends into a multitude of arrangements, the results of which were often extremely embarrassing, and ultimately, in the aggregate, all but disastrous. It is an old saying, that wherever there is a secret there must be something wrong; and dearly did he pay the penalty for the mystery in which he had chosen to involve this transaction. It was his rule from the beginning, that whatever he wrote or edited must be printed at that press; and, had he catered for it only as author and sole editor, all had been well: but, had the booksellers known his direct pecuniary interest in keeping up and extending the occupation of those types, they would have taken into account his lively imagination and sanguine temperament, as well as his taste and judgment, and considered, far more deliberately than they too often did, his multifarious recommendations of new literary schemes, coupled though these were with some dim understanding that, if the Ballantyne press were employed, his own literary skill would be at his friend's disposal for the general superintendence of the undertaking. On the other hand, Scott's suggestions were, in many cases—perhaps in the majority of them—conveyed through Ballantyne, whose habitual deference to his opinion induced him to advocate them with enthusiastic zeal; and the printer, who had thus pledged his personal authority for the merits of the proposed scheme, must have felt himself committed to the bookseller, and could hardly refuse with decency to take a certain share of the pecuniary risk, by allowing the time and method of his own payment to be regulated according to the employer's convenience. Hence, by degrees, was woven a web of entanglement, from which neither Ballantyne nor his adviser had any means of escape; except only in that indomitable spirit, the mainspring of personal industry altogether unparalleled, to which, thus set in motion, the world owes its most gigantic monument of literary genius."

In truth, this secret copartnership, looked at even candidly in its real light, must be considered to have involved Scott in a system of reserve, and almost of duplicity, not quite consistent with open dealing and direct high-mindedness. Publishers, and other parties with whom he had connexions, were not aware of his private interests, and, consequently, treated with him at a disadvantage; and, indeed, he was occasionally compelled, by the necessity of circumstances, to act in a manner more like a tradesman than an author of the highest public eminence. Thus, while, in a letter to Miss Seward (1807), he characterises publishers and booksellers, &c. in a way (no matter how correct) not very complimentary to that class, he, in another to Southey, touches him with a little piece of recommendation to his own concern, which would have been quite in keeping with the character given to "*the Trade*." He says,—

"I think Southey does himself injustice in supposing the *Edinburgh Review*, or any other, could have sunk 'Madoc,' even for a time. But the size and price of the work, joined to the frivolity of an age which must be treated as nurses' humour children, are sufficient reasons why a poem, on so chaste a model, should not have taken immediately. We know the similar fate of Milton's immortal work, in the witty age of Charles II., at a time when poetry was much more fashionable than at present. As to the division of the profits, I only think that Southey does not understand the gentlemen of the *trade*, emphatically so called, as well as I do. Without any greater degree of four-

berie than they conceive the long practice of their brethren has rendered matter of prescriptive right, they contrive to clip the author's proportion of profits down to a mere trifle. It is the tale of the fox that went a-hunting with the lion, upon condition of equal division of the spoil; and yet I do not quite blame the booksellers, when I consider the very singular nature of their *mystery*. A butcher generally understands something of black cattle, and woe betide the jockey who should presume to exercise his profession without a competent knowledge of horse-flesh. But who ever heard of a bookseller pretending to understand the commodity in which he dealt? They are the only tradesmen in the world who professedly, and by choice, deal in what is called 'a pig in a poke.' When you consider the abominable trash which, by their sheer ignorance, is published every year, you will readily excuse them for the indemnification which they must necessarily obtain at the expense of authors of some value. In fact, though the account between an individual bookseller and such a man as Southey may be iniquitous enough, yet I apprehend that upon the whole the account between *the trade* and the authors of Britain at large is pretty fairly balanced; and what these gentlemen gain at the expense of one class of writers, is lavished, in many cases, in bringing forward other works of little value. I do not know but this, upon the whole, is favourable to the cause of literature. A bookseller publishes twenty books, in hopes of hitting upon one good speculation, as a person buys a parcel of shares in a lottery, in hopes of gaining a prize. Thus the road is open to all; and, if the successful candidate is a little fleeced, in order to form petty prizes to console the losing adventurers, still the cause of literature is benefited, since none is excluded from the privilege of competition."

Per contra:—

"I am very glad the '*Morte Arthur*' is in your hands; it has been long a favourite of mine, and I intended to have made it a handsome book, in the shape of a small antique-looking quarto, with wooden vignettes of costume. I wish you would not degrade him into a squat 12mo; but admit the temptation you will probably feel to put it into the same shape with '*Palmerin* and '*Amadis*.' If on this, or any occasion, you can cast a job in the way of my friend Ballantyne, I should consider it as a particular personal favour, and the convenience would be pretty near the same to you, as all your proofs must come by post at any rate. If I can assist you about this matter, command my services."

Far be it from us to utter a word against the admirable press of our late esteemed friend, James Ballantyne. A more upright and honourable man never breathed, and Scotland is deeply indebted to him for his improvement in the valuable art of printing (as Scott was for very much of sound, friendly, and critical advice); but we advert to the subject to shew the singular and awkward position in which it placed a man, otherwise so lofty an enemy to any thing which bore the semblance of disingenuousness or jobbery. Hear how his biographer, in the same vein, speaks of a very worthy, industrious, and estimable man, Alex. Chalmers:—

"Scott opened forthwith his gigantic scheme of the *British Poets* to Constable, who entered into it with eagerness. They found presently that Messrs. Cadell and Davies, and some of the other London publishers, had a similar plan on foot, and, after an unsuccessful nego-

tiation with Mackintosh, were now actually treating with Campbell for the *Biographical Prefaces*. Scott proposed that the Edinburgh and London houses should join in the adventure, and that the editorial task should be shared between himself and his brother poet. To this both Messrs. Cadell and Mr. Campbell warmly assented; but the design ultimately fell to the ground in consequence of the booksellers refusing to admit certain works which both Scott and Campbell insisted upon. * * *

"The body of booksellers meanwhile combined in what they still called a *general edition* of the English Poets, under the superintendence of one of their own Grub-street vassals, Mr. Alexander Chalmers."

But we leave this subject to advance to more agreeable themes. The following, relating to the autumn of 1805, at Ashetiel, and, after the first edition of the "*Lay*" had gone off with great rapidity, indicating its future celebrity and success, is an interesting literary and personal *morceau*.

"Mr. Skene soon discovered an important change which had recently been made in his friend's distribution of his time. Previously it had been his custom, whenever professional business or social engagements occupied the middle part of his day, to seize some hours for study after he was supposed to have retired to bed. His physician suggested that this was very likely to aggravate his nervous headaches, the only malady he was subject to in the prime of his manhood; and, contemplating with steady eye a course not only of unremitting but of increasing industry, he resolved to reverse his plan, and carried his purpose into execution with unflinching energy. In short, he had now adopted the habits in which, with very slender variation, he ever after persevered when in the country. He rose by five o'clock, lit his own fire when the season required one, and shaved and dressed with great deliberation; for he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcombries of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to personal slovenliness, or even those 'bed-gown-and-slipper tricks,' as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge. Arrayed in his shooting-jacket, or whatever dress he meant to use till dinner-time, he was seated at his desk by six o'clock, all his papers arranged before him in the most accurate order, and his books of reference marshalled around him on the floor, while at least one favourite dog lay watching his eye just beyond the line of circumvallation. Thus, by the time the family assembled for breakfast, between nine and ten, he had done enough (in his own language) 'to break the neck of the day's work.' After breakfast, a couple of hours more were given to his solitary tasks, and by noon he was, as he used to say, 'his own man.' When the weather was bad he would labour incessantly all the morning; but the general rule was, to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if any more distant excursion had been proposed over night, he was ready to start on it by ten: his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming, as he said, a fund in his favour, out of which he was entitled to draw for accommodation whenever the sun shone with special brightness. It was another rule that every letter he received should be answered that same day. Nothing else could have enabled him to keep abreast with the flood of communications that in the sequel put his good-nature to the severest test: but already the demands on him in this way also were numerous; and he

included attention to them among the necessary business which must be despatched before he had a right to close his writing-box, or, as he phrased it, 'to say, 'Out, damned spot!' and be a gentleman.' In turning over his enormous mass of correspondence, I have always invariably found some indication that, when a letter had remained more than a day or two unanswered, it had been so because he found occasion for inquiry, or deliberate consideration. I ought not to omit that, in those days, Scott was far too zealous a dragon not to take a principal share in the stable duty. Before beginning his desk-work in the morning, he uniformly visited his favourite steed; and neither Captain nor Lieutenant, nor the Lieutenant's successor, Brown Adam (so called after one of the heroes of the 'Minstrelsy'), liked to be fed except by him. The latter charger was, indeed, altogether intractable in other hands, though in his the most submissive of faithful allies. The moment he was bridled and saddled, it was the custom to open the stable-door as a signal that his master expected him; when he immediately trotted to the side of the leaping-on stone, of which Scott, from his lameness, found it convenient to make use, and stood there, silent and motionless as a rock, until he was fairly in his seat, after which he displayed his joy by neighing triumphantly through a brilliant succession of curvettings. Brown Adam never suffered himself to be backed but by his master. He broke, I believe, one groom's arm, and another's leg, in the rash attempt to tamper with his dignity. Camp was, at this time, the constant parlour dog. He was very handsome, very intelligent, and naturally very fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children. As for the more locomotive Douglas and Percy, he kept one window of his study open, whatever might be the state of the weather, that they might leap out and in as the fancy moved them. He always talked to Camp as if he understood what was said; and the animal, certainly, did understand not a little of it: in particular, it seemed as if he perfectly comprehended on all occasions that his master considered him as a sensible and steady friend—the greyhounds as volatile young creatures, whose freaks must be borne with."

In a letter of Scott's to G. Ellis, about this time, we find a free opinion of one of Moore's juvenile performances, curiously enough engrossed on a defence of the indecencies of Dryden. "In making (says the writer) an edition of a man of genius's works for libraries and collections—and such I conceive a complete edition of Dryden to be—I must give my author as I find him, and will not tear out the page, even to get rid of the blot, little as I like it. Are not the pages of Swift, and even of Pope, dashed with indecency, and often of the most disgusting kind; and do we not see them upon all shelves and dressing-tables, and all boudoirs? Is not Prior the most indecent of tale-tellers, not even excepting La Fontaine, and how often do we see his works in female hands? In fact, it is not passages of ludicrous indecency that corrupt the manners of a people—it is the sonnets which a prurient genius like Master Little sings *virginibus puerisque*—it is the sentimental slang, half lewd, half methodistic, that debauches the understanding, inflames the sleeping passions, and prepares the reader to give way as soon as a tempter appears."

Mr. Ellis's argument on the same question seems to be far more sound. He writes in return,—"I will not disturb you by contesting

any part of your ingenious apology for your intended complete edition of Dryden, whose genius I venerate as much you do, and whose negligences, as he was not rich enough to doom them to oblivion in his own life-time, it is, perhaps, incumbent on his editor to transmit to the latest posterity. Most certainly, I am not so squeamish as to quarrel with him for his immodesty on any moral pretence. Licentiousness in writing, when accompanied by wit, as in the case of Prior, La Fontaine, &c. is never likely to excite any passion, because every passion is serious; and the grave epistle of Eloisa is more likely to do moral mischief, and convey infection to love-sick damsels, than five hundred stories of Hans Carvel and Paulo Purgante. But whatever is in point of expression, vulgar—whatever disgusts the taste—whatever might have been written by any fool, and is therefore unworthy of Dryden—whatever might have been suppressed, without exciting a moment's regret in the mind of any of his admirers,—ought, in my opinion, to be suppressed by any editor who should be disposed to make an appeal to the public taste upon the subject; because a man who was, perhaps, the best poet and best prose writer in the language—but it is foolish to say so much, after promising to say nothing."

And here, for the notice, we conclude: only noticing an "observable" fact in a letter-writer of such boundless fertility as Scott, viz. that from London, February 1806, in writing to Lord Dalkeith (see pages 94, 95), he repeats every thing he had himself received from Mr. Ellis in a letter from Bath four days before (see pages 89, 90, 91). This is one of the perils of publishing correspondence: that which originally passed for our own is seen to be but a *rifacimento* of what we have derived from others.

TEN POEMS.—Batch the Seventh.

1. *Flowers of Ebor.* By Thomas Crossley. Pp. 198. (London, Longman & Co.: Leyland, Halifax.)—To deny that this little volume possesses several points of considerable merit, would be an untruth; and to pass over its many faults, without pointing out a few, would be an act of injustice even to its author. Whether it be sheer neglect, or a want of taste, that has caused Mr. Crossley to finish several of his stanzas so abruptly, and in so slovenly a way, we cannot tell; but certain we are, that he who wrote the second and third Sonnets to "A Moorland Cottage," might with little labour have greatly improved such stanzas as the following, which, without going into the book in search of faults, we take from the first poems.

"Sent down to cheer man's thorny way,

Exalt him, and refine."

"To tears of joy instead."

"That spot on Eden is to thee,

In after years I've seen."

To us, such jumping and inharmonious terminations as these, are as unpleasant as riding in a carriage along a road where masses of rough unsightly granite are placed at sundry distances, merely for the convenience of treating us with regular shaking fits. As to the "I've seen," stuck there merely to fill up the line, we exclaim, "Oh, lame and impotent conclusion!" And yet, in spite of this apparent severity on our part, there are Flowers by the Ebor, well worth culling, bud, blossom, and bell, blowing in the full fragrance of beauty, and giving pleasure both to eye and mind. Pity that he who possesses so sweet a garden, should allow dock, and dandel, and nettle, to deface its lovely beds. We await patiently for another spring, for 'tis a long winter.

2. *Poems. Original and Translated.* By Charles Percy Wyatt, B. A. Pp. 212. (London, Fraser.)—This volume contains several really beautiful sonnets, with a sprinkling of ballads, written after the ancient models, and some of them in nowise deficient of wild incident, and original adventure; and terminating in just such a pleasing and romantic manner, as would keep a novel-reading Miss awake a whole winter night, and cause her to handle her fiddle-shaped tea-spoon, the next morning, after the most approved fashion in which Amazons handle their daggers. There is, however, nothing great in this work—no mighty thoughts,

"Piled high like cloud on cloud;"

no stanzas that sink into the heart, and send out the blood like rushing rivers, leaving a murmuring music on the lips, syllables we cannot but utter. Neither is there any thing so provokingly bad as to call down severe

censure. Several of the Translations are well and ably given; nor can we resist quoting a portion of one from Matthiesson, entitled "Laura at her Devotions."

"How she kneels! devotion deep and tender!

(Such to innocents by Raphael given)

Clothed already in the immortal splendour

That beams around th' inhabitants of heaven.

Oh! she feels in motion soft and light,

Feels with joy th' Almighty presence now;

Views already yonder palm-clad height,

Where the crown of glory waits her brow.

Thus, her gentle bosom filled with feeling

Pure as angel's confidence and love:

Oh! to see this sainted suppliant kneeling,

Is a glance into your world above."

What a beautiful picture these last two lines represent!

3. *The Bridal of Naworth.* Pp. 111. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)—This poem displays much power, both descriptive, imaginative, and murderous. Bloody-bones stalks through the pages with perfect ease, now using his dagger by way of amusement, or severing a limb just to keep his weapon from rusting, or pausing to make a short soliloquy over his "hatchet of horror," before it again encounter hearts, heads, and every variety of edge-ware. Such a poem may suit a few of the true lovers of the blood-red cross; but to us, who delight in "knights of the sky-blue flame or magical fagotelets," it has but few charms: we have lost our vulture-relish, there is but little that is wolfish remaining in our eyes; if we let out blood, it is that of the grape; if we smother millions, they are mice; and we have given up our white-sheeted ghosts for white-bait. However much this volume abounds in the terrible, there is no denying that it possesses many merits, many passages that would lose nothing when read beside the picturesque pages of Scott, many scenes that are powerfully and vividly drawn, and many, many faults, which only long study and a better acquaintance with greater bards will enable the writer to remedy. There is much that we like, more that we abhor, and here and there passages that made us exclaim, "this author has the soul of a poet."

4. *Saint Crow, and other Poems.* Pp. 234. Winchester, printed for the Author. (London, Hamilton & Adams.)—This little volume is arranged in a new and rather pleasing manner, and presents pictures of the old times, processions, and scenes only preserved in history or tradition, that are again brought before us in tolerable modern verse, but devoid of those master-strokes so necessary to the filling up of the canvass. There are several passages which, without sacrificing our critical judgment, we might venture to praise; but, on the other hand, there are so many naked patches on the picture, which genius would have filled with something pleasing, that we cannot say much in its praise. What is done is done passably, but tamely: there are no eagle-soarings above the silver-floating clouds, nor any descents of the sky-lark, that but alights to bury its speckled bosom amid the flowers; it is pretty, but not great, and pleasing to the smallest degree of pleasure.

5. *Eberhart, an Epic Poem.* By Bakor Peter Smith. Pp. 38. —This poem describes the conversion of the ancient Britons and Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, through the preaching of Saint Augustine. There are occasional passages that interest the reader, especially those in which the author dwells upon old customs, or attempts the description of a group, with arms, and costume. Upon the whole, we would much rather have seen this subject in prose: it would have gained more readers, and the writer would have found more freedom for such a work; for, to us, his ideas appear at times too much cramped by the metre. It is, however, upon the whole well done, and displays considerable learning.

6. *Ernangaide; a Tale of the Twelfth Century; and other Poems.* By Eliza Heywood. Pp. 140. (Cheltenham, Williams; London, Longman & Co.)—It is two hours by the clock since we last laid down our pen; it seems but that number of minutes, so sweetly has old time perfumed his wings while flapping them over the flowery pages of Eliza Heywood's Poems. Miss Landon yet sends forth her voice of loveliest music; Caroline Bowles, also, showers her golden murmurs from the sweetest of harp-strings; Mary Howitt yet opens her thin, eloquent lips, and breathes the melody of a thousand birds; and many others, whose names linger in our memory, like singing rivers, are still full-voiced; and last, but not least, we must introduce Eliza Heywood to her musical sisters, as one worthy of being numbered among the sweet-tongued choir. Her poetry is "beautiful exceedingly" abounding in rich imagery, and delicate thoughts, and full of overflowing, of tenderness and feeling; while her versification is, at times, as smooth as the silvery-flood clouds, or a lake slumbering beneath the sunshine of a summer's noon. She dips her descriptive pencil in the rainbow, and gilds her pages with the richest hues of sunset. It is long since we reviewed a volume of poems possessing so much sterling talent. *Ernangaide* is a gem; while the lesser lyrics remind us of the sweet effusions of Mrs. Hemans. We scorn to use any thing like half-praise towards a writer of so much promise as this lady. Within her soul burns the hallowed fire of genius—the true sterling poetic principle. But take the following description of Spring, which is very inferior to twenty other poems that we could have selected, but shews how genius can handle even the most hacknied subject.

"The Spring-time, the Spring-time!

The spring-time, the spring-time, is it not fresh and gay—
When the fairest flowers their offering bring, to deck
The wreath of May;

When the skylark from his heathen nest, or from the dew-scent lawn, [glancing down]
Springs lightly with rejoicing voice, roused by the

When the blackbird plumes his jetty wing, and opens his golden bill, [shrill]
And tunes to pleasure's merry note his whistle clear and the speckled thrush, in softer tone, sings in the wood-land dells, [trusting bells]
And the purple heath, to hail the morn, unfolds her When the youthful shepherd counts his flock upon the grassy wold, [scented gold]
Then rests beneath the prickly furze, with its flowers of The snowy lambs, with mimic strife, disport in graceful play, [beams of day]
Or shrink beneath the emerald fern, from the glaring

The spring-time, the spring-time, is it not warm and bright— [ness and light]
When the noonday sun has robbed the earth in gorgeous- When the grasshopper is singing loud beneath the spreading trees, [labouring bees]
And gorged with sweets, with flagging wing, still toil the When the dragon-fly, with painted skin, floats o'er the sparkling pool, [pure and cool]
And the wearied cat panting stand 'mid the brooklets Above the gold waters play the aspen's quivering leaves, And the twittering swallow forms her nest beneath the cottage eaves;

When the speckled lizard dares to glide beyond the sheltering grass, [pass]
While o'er his back the changeable hues in dim succession And the early rose unfolds her breast to hail the faithless ray [day]
That casts her faded leaves to earth before the close of The spring-time, the spring-time, is it not fresh and fair— When the falling dew in viewless showers perfumes the evening air;
When in the arching forest walks the nightingale is heard, [peering glances are stirred]
And the tender leaves by the latest breath of the whis- When the fading flowers their sweetest scent give forth before they die, [glide by]
And, mirrored in the dark blue stream, the white sail When, lengthening o'er the meadows wide, the hedge-row shadows fall, [forests tall]
Or 'mid the stems the golden light gleams through the When the flagging breeze guide the flight of the purple clouds no more, [shore]
And the ocean half forgets to urge his tides upon the The azure hills in pink are dyed, that skirt the blushing west, [his rest]
And the sun his wearied couriers speeds to the mansion of

We have no doubt but that after this sample the stores will be visited.

7. *Belvedere. Baron Kolff, &c.* by Thomas Eagles, author of "Mountain Melodies." Pp. 246. (London, Whitaker and Co.)—This volume is an odd assemblage of good, bad, and indifferent; spoiled with petty conceits, weak expletives, and unnecessary epithets; yet, upon the whole, evincing considerable powers of thought and fancy, which, with care and pruning, might have been wrought into very respectable and gentlemanlike poetry, considering this matter-of-fact age. We have, for instance, such lines as the following, weakened by a quantity of useless words, merely to clog the stanza.

"And close his wretched mortal reign."
"Why doth he strain his anxious stem'd faint sight,"
"He had a wife, a heart's true, loving wife;
A being fraught with virtue, good and kind."
"His dotting wife, and happy, lovely child."

But here is a verse, which to our ears conveys as much music as the whistling of a saw.

"My father was a soldier!—Oh! that men
Can't live in peace, without the blast of war;
Dread harbingers of woe!—what horrors then
Would leave the earth.—Thy sanguine car,
Thy implements of strife—Oh! hated Mars!
Thy cannon's thunder, and thy hollow groans:
Thy death-wounds dig—thy going, groans; scars;
The parting spirit's plaintive dying moans—
Fell, desolating god! blighter of joys and homes."

Mr. Eagles must do something better than this work, if his birds are to belong to Jove, or flap their broad wings above Parnassus. If he does not, his cryic will be reared amongst the owls and bats that build and hoot in the dark holes at the base of the mountain. There are a few things in his volume so very good, that we wonder at the many bad passages by which they are disgraced.

8. *Original and Select Hymns. A Companion to "Sacred Poetry."* Pp. 336. (London, John Van Voorst).—One of the very best selections that we have met with for some time, amid this age and rage for compilation. The pieces are not only tastefully selected, but carefully and judiciously arranged; while the original poems (of which there is a considerable portion) breathe both the pure spirit of piety and poetry. Many of them, too, are fraught with that hallowed feeling which pervades the finest passages of Cowper. There is also a sweet vignette, after Bartolozzi.

9. *Xenola. Poems, including Translations from Schiller and De La Motte Fouquet*, by John Anster, LL.D. author of "Faustus, a Dramatic Mystery," from Goethe. Pp. 174. (Dublin, Milliken and Son; London, Longman and Co.)—This volume contains much

powerful poetry, and shews a mind tinged with that deep and dreamy philosophy of thought in which the imaginings of Coleridge are embodied. A solemn shadow seems to slumber on its pages, here and there broken and intersected with a wild, branchy, and varied light, like that which streams through the painted window of some ruined abbey, and gilds shrines, altar, and column with hues that seem to belong to another world. Sometimes we glide along beside a spirit of solitude, that heralds us to lonely islets, between shadowy rocks and overhanging crags, gloomy and terrible as the grave; then we catch the sound of airy tongues, that seem singing between us and the sky, or glide over landscapes, such as we see only in our dreams. It is, in a word, such poetry as all may brood over with pleasure; but so full of deep thoughts and closely woven beauties, that poets only can wholly fathom them. Such, for instance, is the "Elegy," which, to only a matter-of-fact mind, would be as much understood as some of those isolated thoughts of Milton's when
"Silence was pleased."

We regret that our limits prevent us from giving an extract; and can only conclude by saying, that it is long since we have perused so original and striking a volume.

10. *An Autumn Dream: Thoughts on the Intermediate State of Happy Spirits, &c.* by John Shepherd, author of "Thoughts on Devotion," &c. Pp. 37. (London, Hall)—This seems to be an *exuvium* (but not Wordsworth's) into the world of spirits, where we are treated to a strange *mélange* of beings and incidents, such as people the pages of Emanuel Swedenborg. There are, really, several beautiful descriptions of celestial, or terrestrial, or rather fairy-land scenery in the volume; but the chain of reasoning is so mystified, so cleverly incomprehensible, that we could as soon understand Shan Von Shkhriz's "History of the World before the Creation," as grapple with some of these passages. That the author's intention is well-meant, we have no doubt; for, in spite of a few wild, peculiar notions, which here and there spring up, there is still a moral, and sometimes truly religious vein of feeling, flowing through the work. We have no doubt that some favoured few, recipients of the new light, may gather pleasure and benefit from its perusal; but to us, we must candidly confess, it has the appearance of outer darkness. The versification is, occasionally, very melodious; and, as we have before said, some of the descriptions beautiful.

Gentleman Jack. A Naval Story. By the Author of "Cavendish." 3 vols. London, 1837. Colburn.

UNLESS possessed of more than common merit we should guess that the public is becoming rather tired of naval stories and tales of the sea. The glut of such publications has been enough to induce a certain degree of that nausea which is peculiar to the element; and the repetition of morning guns has amounted to so continued a fire of artillery, that the cracking is disregarded. A few, it may be observed in carrying on the simile, have been well shot; but the greater number have been mere blank cartridges, such as are fired at Reviews, and exploded in Magazines, with much more of noise than effect, and more of scattering than aim.

There is another part of this system which we think has been pursued too long to be acceptable: we allude to the appearance of a series of papers in some periodical work, which are immediately afterwards published in volumes. Now, many people do not want to buy the same article twice, and yet these "continuations" must be taken, or you lose all their companions; and then to have them in their best form you have to purchase separately what is already in your possession. Such things, therefore, become the dead weights of popular magazines. A good deal also depends upon the character of the production. A narrative of continued and unbroken interest is altogether unfit for "to be continued" and broken appearances; while sketchy and insulated scenes (allowing them to be connected by a thread, though we do not consider these so proper as separate essays) are most fit for that course, and less suited for the collected shape. There are certainly some skilful and clever exceptions to these rules, which, nevertheless, are generally applicable; for there are not many writers who, in this respect, possess the tact of a Hook, a Poole, a Dickens, or a Lover.

The present performance, it seems to us, might have been cut up into a few periodical articles, with more success than it can expect as a three-volume fiction, or rather commixture of fiction with reality. We are told it is the genuine biography of a naval officer; and, indeed, it bears the marks of authenticity in that light. But in holding to the authentic, it loses the interest of able invention; and, what is worse, it presents us, in too many instances, the coarseness and vulgarity of sailor language and adventure. What midshipmen, or others, may say or do when ashore, may be painted in a manner perfectly true to life: but what is the result? the description does not engage the imagination, while it offends and disgusts the taste. Gentleman Jack may act like a young scamp at Portsmouth Point, and Boatswain Pipes, with his trull-wife, may commit every kind of grossness on board a man-of-war; but, surely, the best accounts of such matters are the least calculated to amuse the general class of novel readers, and are decidedly objectionable to be laid before the purer portion of them. With these impressions strongly upon our mind, though there are some good parts in these volumes, pictures of society in different climes, &c. &c., we must conclude, without extract or example, by saying that they do not display talent enough, if any talent could be enough, to recommend them to the favour of the public.

The Picaroon. By the Author of "Makanna." 3 vols. London, 1837. Saunders and Otley.

IT is now some three years since we noticed "Makanna" (*Literary Gazette*, No. 896, March 22, 1834), and spoke of it as displaying in parts a rich and wild invention, with an imagination very undisciplined, and, as a whole, incongruous, forced, and extravagant. Still we beheld in it those qualities which induced us to hope for "better things." This hope is not, we regret to say, realised in the *Picaroon*. The imagination is still as undisciplined, and the invention, if not so rich, is quite as wild. Bristol smuggling, arson, piracy, and murder, are connected with Calabrian carbonari-ism, robbery, and slaughter; and the writer laces so from theme to theme, and group to group, that it is with much difficulty we can follow or make out the story. The want of clearness is its irretrievable drawback. In other respects, many of the actions are incredible, without being romantic; and the only praise we can fairly bestow is upon some passages of striking description, and some happy thoughts expressed in forcible language.

A History of England, from the first Invasion by the Romans. By John Lingard, D. D. Vol. I. Baldwin and Cradock.

IT is not our intention, at present, to offer any observations upon this History, which is so well known, further than to notice that Dr. Lingard's researches have brought to light much important information; whilst his peculiar views, as a Roman Catholic, have given a tinge to many controverted questions and characters, which prevent its being received as an undoubted authority in all cases where religion is concerned. The present is, nevertheless, the fourth edition of his valuable labours, and brought out, according to the current fashion, in neat, cheap monthly volumes, this being the first of thirteen, in which the undertaking is to be completed.

A very striking likeness of the author, from an original painting by Mr. Lover, and engraved by L. Stocks, forms a most appropriate and interesting frontispiece to the work, and is

in itself an admirable specimen of art. There is also a splendid vignette, of the surrender of Caractacus, by E. Goodall, after a drawing by W. Harvey.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Essay on Man's Moral Agency, &c. with Observations on Education, by R. J. Nelson, A.M. Pp. 190. (London, Baldwin and Cradock.)—An able essay, containing many very sensible and useful observations, both on old systems and new views.

Elements of Practical Knowledge, with Illustrations, Pp. 232. (London, Van Voorst.)—One of those useful compilations which are well calculated to afford the young inquirer information on many subjects. A good index points the way, and, by question and answer, the intelligence is simply given.

A Practical Compendium of the Diseases of the Skin, &c., by Jonathan Green, M.D. 8vo, pp. 371. (London, Whitaker.)—We are glad to see a second edition of this valuable work. No man has investigated the subject more closely and acutely than Dr. Green; and no man has done more towards discovering remedies for the painful complaints connected with it. We have here the bane and antidote ably described and applied.

Tales about the Sun, Moon, and Stars, by Peter Parley. (London, Tegg.)—The eclipse of the moon reminds us that we owe a favourable notice to this clever and excellent volume, which has deservedly reached a second edition, and obtained some very beneficial improvements. Under the sobriquet of Peter Parley, and the transatlantic reference, we recognise, we believe, Mr. Kendall, the popular author of "Keeper's Travels," and of several most agreeable and instructive publications. The young owe him a debt of gratitude for the present well-executed guide to astronomical studies.

The Prison Book, &c., by W. Martin. (London, Darton.)—A similar production by the author of "The Christian Locomotive," &c. and judiciously devised to inform youth on subjects of science and the arts, under the form of familiar conversations. To direct their minds to the interesting phenomena of nature, they could hardly have a more simple and instructive companion.

PAMPHLETS.—Among the pamphlets of the day we have to notice *A Reply to the Anglo-Christino Pamphlet, entitled The Policy of England towards Spain*, by W. Walton, pp. 227 (London, Hatchard and Son; Booth; Baily and Co.), which assumes that the latter proceeded from Lord Palmerston, and strongly argues against the positions of our foreign secretary. As the subject has been debated for three nights in the House of Commons, we do not intrude any of our remarks upon readers.—*Review of C. S. Lefevre's Letter to his Constituents, &c.*, by W. Blacker. Pp. 79. (London, Greenbridge.) The author combats the opinions of the chairman of the select committee on the present state of agriculture. He considers redundancy of corn crops to be the cause of distress; and advises the cultivation of other crops as the only remedy.—*Instructions for the Establishment of Friendly Societies, Savings' Banks, &c.* We believe we owe this patriotic and useful production to the pen of Mr. Tidd Pratt. It is a work of national value and importance; and, with great distinctness, points out the best modes for forming and conducting Friendly Societies, Savings' Banks, Government Annuity Societies, and Loan Societies; each of which, in their way, are admirably calculated to promote individual comfort and public prosperity.—*Structures on the Proposed Poor Law for Ireland, as recommended by G. Nicholls, Esq.* Pp. 90. (London, Ridgways.) The author handles Mr. Nicholls's report rather severely, and treats it as a crude and superficial performance, which ought not to be relied on for legislation.—*National Impolicy of the High Duty on Tobacco*, Pp. 27. (London, Vacher.) Contains that extensive amalgam is the consequence of a too high rate of duty; fifty millions of pounds of tobacco being annually consumed, and only twenty-two millions accounted for to the revenue; a loss of four millions a year, and much of it sent out of the kingdom in specie.—*The Java Question*, by a Dutchman. Pp. 48. (London, Macrone.) Defends the Dutch government from any charge of breach of faith in respect to its conduct towards Great Britain connected with Java.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 24. J. R. Gower, Esq. in the chair.—Read a memoir on the northern frontier of Greece, by Lieutenant-Colonel Baker. Commencing at the western extremity, resting on the sea, the new boundary line, decided upon by the commissioners of the allied powers, crosses the promontory of Actium; thence traverses the gulf of Arta, in a north-east direction, about 16 miles, and strikes the coast-line at a point where one of the lower off-sets of the Macrinoros range abuts boldly upon the sea: it is thence carried over the eastern slope of the basin inclosing the gulf of Arta, in a direction E.N.E. for about 15 miles; in

which distance it crosses the river Doubsa, and ascends the course of the river Combotti for about eight miles, to the source of its principal tributary in the plateau of Milia; thence along a well-defined ridge, the line attains the summit of Kelona, so called from the resemblance which this mountain, when seen from a distance, bears to a tortoise, both in its hump-shaped form, and in the variegated spots of heath, pine, and rock, scattered over its western face. It is, also, the most prominent and remarkable of the chain which encircles the gulf of Arta. The portion of the line here described may be said to cover all the principal approaches to Western Greece: the passes of the Macrinoros, as well as the ridge of Drimonari, afford an excellent position for its defence. The valley of the Combotti, as well as the general face of the country between the gulf of Arta and the river Aspro, is covered with thick wood, increasing in size, and varying in character, in the ascent from the sea-coast to Mount Kelona; the lower levels abounding with many varieties of the oak and plane, and, occasionally, a dense underwood of arbutus, prickly oak, mastic, and other shrubs, whilst the upper slopes are studded with remarkably fine pines and silver-firs. Hellenic remains occur in three spots in this distance. From the summit of Kelona to that of Gabrovo, and thence to the wooded height of Itamo, the line traverses the basin of the river Aspro, including its tributaries, in an E.N.E. direction, for 34 miles. Descending by the precipitous bed of a mountain torrent, it reaches the Aspro between the bridges of Korakos and Tartarina, which are the only means of communication across the river, when swollen by winter rains. Both these bridges are remarkable for the boldness of their design; that of Korakos, especially, is, perhaps, unrivalled in the hardihood and lightness of its structure. The span of the arch measures 132 feet; length of roadway, from rock to rock, 181 feet; whilst the width, including a narrow and very low parapet, does not exceed seven feet eight inches; and the height above the bed of the river is 125 feet. The rocks on either side rise perpendicularly to a great height, and nothing can be more striking than this narrow rib of masonry, connecting the two precipitous banks of the Aspro, at the point where it issues in a romantic glen from the wild gorges of the Agrafioti mountains, and in a situation where the traveller is least prepared to meet with so beautiful and singular a triumph of the skill of the engineers, resembling more the flying buttress of some light Gothic edifice, than a substantial and permanent communication for man and beast over the foaming torrent of the first river in Greece. At Mount Bugikaki the boundary line attains the central chain of Pindus, which has a general direction of N.N.W. and S.S.E., by a crest $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles in length. The usual formation of this part of the Agrafioti range is calcareous, varying much in character, and with strata very highly inclined. No rocks of a primitive character were observed, though in the more northern range of Pindus both serpentine and granite are found in abundance. From Papa to Pedama the river Platariis appears to have forced its way through a wall of rock, many hundred feet in perpendicular height; the rocks on either hand approaching so closely, that a traditionary legend in support of the name denotes its having been leapt across by some active priest. It can scarcely excite surprise that the events of the last twenty years should have had a withering effect upon these parts of Greece. Even during the lifetime of Ali Pashá of Jannina, the wild in-

habitants of these secluded glens were only kept in awe by the strong arm of the despot; but at his death, and after the revolution in Greece, the habits of the people degenerated into the reckless calling of mere Kleftic hordes. Many villages have, in consequence, disappeared, others are reduced to a heap of ruins. Patrillo, noted by Colonel Leake, in 1805, as the second town of Agrafa, had, in 1832, only two inhabited houses! From Mount Bugikaki the boundary line descends the great chain of Pindus to the cave of Spilia Kamako, the principal source of the Karitza, which here rushes from the perpendicular face of the rock, in a stream of considerable force. From the mouth of this river the line ascends to Mount Itamo, a double-topped peak, thickly covered with pines; thence in a S.S.E. direction, thirteen miles along the crest of a line of hills, to the neck of Zacharachi Vrisi, the connecting link of the chains of Othrys and Eta with the main chain of Pindus, and the line of separation of waters between the basins of the Aspro, the Sperchius, and the Salembria. This spot, so interesting in a geographical, and important in a political light, was ascertained to be eleven miles N.E. of Veluchi, the ancient Tymphrastus. Hence, to the eastern coast, the line runs along Mount Othrys, till it descends to the gulf of Volo, in the Bay of Surbis, including the Pass of Thermopyle, which had been specially assigned to Greece, a few miles within the frontier line. The whole line, including its sinuosities, extends over a distance of 137 miles; which is defined, where no physical feature is sufficiently conspicuous, by land-marks, 95 in number. Whenever the boundary happened to approach or to intersect any inhabited district, the most intense anxiety naturally prevailed amongst all classes of the population to profit by the advantages the new territorial division presented. A very remarkable instance of this occurred in the village of Janitzara, consisting of about sixty well-built houses, many of them of stone, and of two stories in height, and two small chapels; with the inhabitants, like all the rural population, wholly Greek. This village, placed about 200 yards below the ridge of Othrys, on the northern slope, having necessarily, from its situation, been consigned to Turkey, the inhabitants, finding any alteration in the line, in amendment of their position, impossible, set themselves to work to remedy the inconvenience by transferring their locale; and, by the following year, notwithstanding the opposition of the Turkish authorities, they had removed the materials of their houses, stone by stone, to the southern slope of the hill, within the Greek frontier. This memoir was illustrated by a very beautiful map of the line of country, laid down on a large scale, which will be an invaluable addition to our scanty stock of topographical detail of this part of Greece.—It was announced to the meeting, that the Geographical Society of Paris had recently awarded a medal to our gallant countryman, Captain Back, for his discoveries, in 1834, in the Arctic Ocean: a third instance of such liberality.

ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

The first general meeting took place at the Thatched House, on Wednesday, and was attended by a number of the nobility, and eminent naturalists and men of science. The report of the provisional committee was received, and the plan and regulations recommended by it were unanimously adopted, and a managing council elected to carry the design into effect. We have already expressed our opinion of

this excellent association, to the future progress of which we shall pay every attention.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 20th April.—The following degrees were conferred:—
Masters of Arts.—F. T. Scott, Worcester College; Rev. G. Austen, St. John's College; Rev. H. B. Williams, Fellow, New College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. P. Carew, New Inn Hall, Grand Compounder; W. Benn, Queen's College; R. Dalton, University College; W. S. Crowley, Lincoln College; Hon. C. L. Courtenay, Hon. G. C. Talbot, Christ Church; W. J. Burgess, Exeter College; E. Smith, F. A. Bowles, J. B. Anstis, Magdalen Hall; E. M'Leod, Worcester College; C. Badham, Scholar, Wadham College; M. Morgan, Trinity College; W. S. Thomson, Jesus College; T. H. Lloyd, M. D. French, Brasenose College; G. M. Bullock, Fellow, St. John's College; R. P. Buller, B. C. Bridges, Oriel College; R. J. Oliver, Pembroke College.

CAMBRIDGE, April 19th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Master of Arts.—F. G. J. Foster, Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—W. H. Trentham, Fellow, St. John's College; Rev. H. A. Bishop, Catharine Hall, Compounder; Rev. A. Phillips, Jesus College; G. P. Phillips, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—F. Ricardo, W. Smyth, Trinity College; W. C. Sharpe, E. R. Golightly, W. Armstrong, St. John's College; R. B. Jukes, R. K. Cook, W. H. Smith, J. Chadwick, Corpus Christi College; W. Nicholson, H. N. Heale, F. Ibbotson, J. Wright, Christ's College; F. Simpson, J. Salben, A. Scrivener, Queen's College; G. Gibbon, Catharine Hall; W. R. F. Roggis, Trinity Hall; F. F. Trench, Magdalene College; G. Green, C. P. Miles, Caius College.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILEY in the chair.—The concluding portion of Major Sabine's paper on Mr. Douglas's Observations made on the Western Coast of North America, was read. The first section refers to geographical observations; the second, to magnetical: both are tabulated. The introduction of another paper by Mr. Murphy, being an Analysis of the Roots of Equations, was also read, and reference made to the tables annexed. A third communication, entitled, On the first changes in the ova of Mammifera, by Mr. Jones, was likewise read. From the title of this paper, it will be seen that its details, and they are curious as well as interesting, would be out of place in our columns. Professor Ehrenberg, Mons. Becquerel, Professor Michel, and Admiral Krusenstern, were balloted for, and elected foreign members.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Thursday, the annual meeting, the President, the Earl of Ripon, took the chair; and, after hearing the report of proceedings, and going through other routine business, his lordship read a very admirable address on the occasion. He drew touching characters of the Bishop of Salisbury, the first president, now lost to the Society; and of Dr. Richards and Sir Francis Freeling, who have also died within the year, the former having bequeathed it a very considerable legacy. The noble lord then took a fine and philosophical view of the effects of the general and rapid diffusion of knowledge in our times; and pointed out the absolute necessity for taking means to render this a blessing to mankind, and not suffering it to be perverted into a curse. His lordship glanced at the progress of literature in America, the East Indies, Persia, Turkey, and Egypt, illustrating his views with interesting particulars and remarks, which, as the address was voted to be printed, we will not mar by an imperfect report. The whole was listened to with marked attention, and thanks given to the author with unanimous applause. The officers for the ensuing year were elected, and the meeting adjourned.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

ON Monday, the Society held their annual meeting for election of the president, council, and officers, Mr. Hudson Gurney in the chair.—At the close of the ballot, the president and officers were declared re-elected; and the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Messrs. Bidwell, Brandreth, D. Burton, Cooper, Rev. P. Hunt, Sir F. Madden, the Marquess of Northampton, Sir G. T. Staunton, and Mr. Westmacott, were chosen into the council, in the room of Mr. Blore, Dr. Burney, the Rev. J. B. Deane, Sir R. H. Inglis, the Bishop of Llandaff, Messrs. Markland, Parker, Rosser, Saunders, and Stapleton, who retired.—After the election, the Society dined at the Freemasons' Tavern.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Horticultural, 1 P.M. (Anniversary); Royal Institution, 2 P.M. (Anniversary); British Architects, 3 P.M. (Anniversary); Entomological, 8 P.M. [We observe with pleasure the announcement of other lectures, which may properly be classed with those we are in the habit of thus weekly noticing; namely, a series of six on German literature, commencing this day at 3 o'clock, at Willis's Rooms, by one of our most distinguished German scholars, Mr. Thomas Carlyle. These are to be followed up by a similar series, on the literature of France, by Baron de Lagarde, Membre de l'Institut, &c.]

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Lambeth Literary, 8 P.M. (Mr. Lukeing on Cometary Astronomy); Architectural Society (Essay by Mr. T. L. Walker); United Service Museum (Dr. Ritchie on Rope, Wire, Chain Bridges, &c. &c.).

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.; Geological, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.; Western Literary, 8 P.M. (Mr. Hanbairt on Lithography).

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Royal Asiatic, 1 P.M. (Anniversary).

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

YESTERDAY, the king did the Royal Academy the honour of opening their new rooms in person. His majesty was received by the president, and the other officers of the institution, who conducted him through the various apartments. After the departure of the king, the possessors of tickets for a private view of the approaching exhibition were admitted. We ascended the noble flight of stairs, and entered the rooms with mingled feelings of regret and gratification: of regret, at the dissolution for ever of all the pleasurable associations connected with Somerset House, and the illustrious names that shed glory on its early history; of gratification, at beholding the superior accommodation now enjoyed by the Academy, and the vigorous and successful efforts made to mark so interesting an occasion, by a more than ordinary display of their talents. As we proceeded, the latter feeling increased; and our breasts dilated with triumph, as we gazed at the brilliant and magnificent proofs before us of our country's genius. To such of our readers as did not visit these new rooms when they contained the designs of the architects who were candidates for the rebuilding of the houses of parliament, it may not be uninteresting to learn, that those appropriated to painting are five in number (one larger than the rest, and all on the same floor); that they are not too lofty; and that the light is excellent. They are distinguished by the names,—*East Room, Middle Room, West Room, Drawings and Miniatures, and Architecture*. Of the *Sculpture Room* we cannot speak so favourably: it is on the ground floor, and has cross lights; but this defect can be easily remedied. At any rate, the sculptors are infinitely better off than when their works were huddled together in a little dark parlour in the Strand.

We do not know what the Exhibitions of the Royal Academy may have been when the productions of Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Wilson, graced the walls; but we can declare from personal observation that, during the last forty years, there has not been an exhibition even approximating to the present in interest and splendour. It contains nearly 200 more works; and there is a much greater proportion of large and important pictures than in any former assemblage of a similar kind; and they are admirably arranged. The *tout ensemble* is, indeed, most imposing.

Necessarily reserving for our next and succeeding Numbers any detailed account of the various productions of art which compose the collection, we must content ourselves at present with merely congratulating the members of the Royal Academy on this most honourable result of their labours, and wishing them, in their new domicile, and through a long course of years, that prosperity to which they have justly entitled themselves.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THIS charming Exhibition was opened to the public on Monday last. The brilliant talents and persevering industry of the members of the Society, during the long period of 33 years, have established for it such a name, that the announcement of the mere fact is sufficient to excite general attention and interest. We proceed to notice a few of the varied and well-selected works which now grace the walls of the Gallery.

37. *The Raft*. S. Bentley.—Of this performance it may justly be said, that it is an exhibition of itself. The artist could not have chosen a subject better calculated for the display of his powers. Mr. Bentley's performance attracts peculiar admiration by the skill with which he has filled a space of such ample dimensions, without a void in any one part to diminish the interest. The vision of the distant wreck, the furious war of the elements, and the perilous condition of the poor wretches whose lives depend on the frail tenure of a few booms and spars hastily bound together, will occupy the imagination of the spectator long after the picture itself has been withdrawn from his sight.

38. *Othello relating his Adventures*. W. Lake Price.—The name is new to us, and we welcome the appearance of the work which bears it with the same feeling we should that of a performer whose *début* gave more than promise of excellence in the histrionic art. The interior (for such it is, although the figures, as adjuncts, are well suited to occupy a place in it) is resplendent in its character; combining every conceivable variety of brilliant colours and costly materials. We congratulate the Society on the accession of a member who does so much credit to their choice.

120. *The Horn of Egremont Castle*. G. Cattermole.—Surprise and alarm are finely and variously expressed in the countenances of the different personages who compose the groups in this romantic subject, according as they are more or less excited by the sudden sound that breaks in upon the revelry of usurped possession. Wordsworth's lines,

"'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace,
He is come to claim his right,"

are admirably embodied by Mr. Cattermole's skill, while the fancy is left to form its own picture of the approaching catastrophe.

316. *A Spy of the Christiano Army brought before the Carlist General-in-Chief, Zumalac*

carregui. J. F. Lewis.—We cannot withhold our admiration of this performance as a work of art; and, as the illustration of a romantic adventure, we should find pleasure in its pictorial character, but, alas! for the terror of the subject. It is no tale of fiction or of former times, but one of the present period, and we fear of almost daily occurrence: and that in a country, of which the dance of the bolero and the serenade of the lover, once formed the chief and best characteristics.

79. *Village Choristers Rehearsing.* J. M. Wright.—In happy contrast to the above, we are here presented with a picture of past days, although not sufficiently remote to be out of the memory of some. The abstracted and absorbed attention of the performers in the principal group, and the varied character of expression and accompanying action, would not discredit the pencil of Hogarth, or fail to call up the descriptive powers of a comic lecturer,* to whose times the representation evidently belongs. Character without caricature, and expression without extravagance, happily united with grace and elegance where called for, will invariably be found in the works of this able artist.

83. *The Widow.* J. W. Wright.—Evidently the portrait of a mother and child: a subject interesting to every one, and treated with so much elegance of conception, and purity of execution, that we cannot fancy any work of the kind transcending it in pictorial excellence.

44. *Scarborough; early Morning; clearing off of a Storm.* Copley Fielding.—In the effect of light, and in the character of waves, Mr. Fielding has here manifested his accustomed skill. The versatility of his powers is exhibited in 78, *The Fairy Lake; scene from La Mort d'Arthur.* Here he has drawn upon his imagination for one of the most beautiful and enchanting visions that tranquil slumbers ever presented to the mind's eye of poet or painter.

251. *The Barber.* W. Hunt.—We know not if the visitors to the gallery will thank us for calling off their attention from the above exquisite creation of fancy to one of the whimsical realities of common life. The powers of this truly original artist appear to be inexhaustible, and his memory of fitting expression is most tenacious; for such intensity of apprehended pain in the countenance of the urchin on whom the operation of clipping his locks is about to be performed, could have been but momentary in the prototype. The illustrative print of Samson and the Philistines is a happy thought.

97. *A View on the Thames near Kingston.* 256. *Summer View on the Thames.* F. De Wint.—That noble river, the Thames, with all its pleasurable associations, never appeared to greater advantage than in these two delightful representations of its placid and pastoral features.

115. *Morning of the 12th of August.* 123. *Evening of the 12th of August.* F. Taylor.—These are no dandy sportsmen; although we have no doubt that their dogs are well trained, and their shots sure. They have all the rude picturesqueness of form and character to which Mr. Taylor's masterly style of execution is so happily adapted. At home in all such subjects, we think his powers are seen to most advantage in 270, *The Regimental Furrier*;—we wish it had been placed more on a level with the eye.

85. *Windsor Castle from Clewer; sunrise.* Frederic Nash.—This noble object of historical

and picturesque interest is here depicted under a most brilliant and striking effect.

174. *Venice.* J. D. Harding.—Has there ever been an exhibition of which Venice has not constituted a principal feature? Not of late, we think. Although it might be invidious to say that the present view is the climax of its representations, we can safely pronounce it, both in form and in colour, to be among the most masterly and splendid.

(To be continued.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Pearls of the East; or, Beauties from Lalla Rookh. Designed by Fanny Corbaux; drawn on stone by Louisa Corbaux. Tilt.

AND a charming string of pearls they are. Whoever has noticed, and as a necessary consequence admired, the peculiar qualities of Miss Fanny Corbaux's pencil, may easily anticipate the success of her "attempt to embody the female characters of 'Lalla Rookh';" to render those bright creations of the poet's fancy as familiar to the eye as they already are to the mind and to the heart." In twelve well-selected subjects, she has depicted oriental beauty in all its varieties of voluptuous languor and fascinating vivacity. They are all sufficiently bewitching; but, if we were allowed to throw the handkerchief to any of them, it would certainly be to "the lovely Lalla Rookh" herself; or "the young and enchanting Nourmahal." Miss Louisa Corbaux has done her sister's designs great justice. "It is the first work," says the Preface, "consisting entirely of figures, in which application has been made of the newly discovered powers of lithography;—the production, namely, of the most delicate gradations of white on a tinted ground, from the faintest lights to the most brilliantly relieved touches." One of the finest exemplifications of the value of these "newly discovered powers," is the tasteful vignette in the title-page.

A Scene at Bolton Abbey, in the Olden Time. Painted by Edwin Landseer, R.A.; engraved by Samuel Cousins, A.R.A. Boys.

WE have not forgotten the impression which the original of this noble print made upon us, when we first saw it at Somerset House, three years ago. Frequently as Mr. Landseer's powers had excited our admiration, we certainly considered this production his *chef-d'œuvre*, and expressed our opinion of it accordingly. It gave us great pleasure, therefore, to hear that Mr. Cousins was employed in transferring it to copper. The result of his labours is now lying before us; and, unquestionably, a more splendid and highly finished mezzotinto engraving never appeared. To say nothing of the extraordinary beauty of the execution, technically regarded, Mr. Cousins has been eminently successful in preserving the character of the various personages who form the interesting group. The venerable and dignified prior, the attendant lay-brother, the sturdy forester, the abashed falconer, and the charming peasant girl, are all rendered with a spirit and fidelity deserving of the highest praise. Nor are the dead game, the dogs, the fish, and the other accessories of this rich composition, less entitled to commendation. So admirable is the whole, that the absence of colours is scarcely felt to be a deficiency.

BIOGRAPHY.

DR. WILLIAM CUMMIN.

This gentleman's decease took place on Thursday, the 10th instant, at his residence, Great

Russell Street. He fell a victim to the arduous and perseverance with which he pursued his professional and literary studies. Although deeply imbued with all the learning of his profession, and qualified by the most refined education to adorn its highest rank, extensive practice he never enjoyed. He was chiefly known to the public as a teacher of forensic medicine at the Aldersgate Street school. His lectures on that interesting subject, as published in the *Medical Gazette*, exhibit the profound knowledge of the medical jurist, with all the elegant accomplishments of the scholar. To his profession he was known as a writer in the *Medical Gazette*; in which journal he distinguished himself by his contributions on every matter connected with medical literature. His writings were marked by extreme accuracy, correctness of style, exactness of knowledge, and elegance of expression. A tone of truth characterised all that he said, and all that he wrote. Against quackery and vain pretension he waged continual warfare, and ceased not to uphold, against ignorance and prejudice, the honour and the dignity of his profession. He was honest as a reviewer, and never allowed himself to be flattered or frightened into a false panegyric, or an unjust condemnation of any work, by any author, be he what or who he might. He had a passion for knowledge which he pursued to the last moment of his life, with singular devotion. In the University of Dublin he had won the highest honours, and with the principal continental languages was familiar. His habits were those of a retired student; but the few individuals who knew his heart loved him not less for the excellence of his disposition, his candour, and steady friendship, than for his high and cultivated talents.

SKETCHES.

STRANGE ADVENTURE.

It was on the morning of St. George's day—and, I regret to add, of the last Sabbath—that, having been kept extremely late discussing the "Elements" of a potent Scottish philosopher, under his own roof, I wandered dorkling homewards before the break of day. The first streak of dawn, a dim shadowy line of a dunish hue, however, just horizontalised the east, as I crossed Pall Mall,—took a lamplight glance at the inimitable bronze horse, on which Wyatt has mounted, in his habit as he lived, the venerated form of the third George,—and cast my thoughts forward to the noble portico of St. Martin's Church, when suddenly the sound of voices in angry contention over my head, struck upon my astonished ears. On one side there seemed to be the subdued roar of the Lion, and on the other the angry growl of the Bear; so rough and inharmonious was the noise in the upper regions of the air! Yet the speech was human, though the accents were not; and the language was English, though the tones were brutal. Had I been near the Zoological Gardens, I should not have been so puzzled; but at Charing Cross—I could not tell what to make of it. At length, gazing up in wonder, as the atmosphere became a trifle more clear, I discovered, to my yet greater amazement, that the

DIALOGUE

WAS CARRIED ON BETWEEN

The Lion on the top of Northumberland House and Mr. Wilkins, the architect of, on the top of, the New National Gallery!!!

As, it may readily be imagined, there was not much of courtesy between the two: the Lion seemed the most polite, Mr. Wilkins the

* George Alexander Stevens, the celebrated lecturer on heads.

most surly. Sometimes their voices fell, and I could not make out what they said; but when they spoke louder the words fell towards the street, and I distinctly made out the following passages of their colloquy:—

Wilkins. You are an old, ignorant, and impudent ass to censure my work; what can a Gothic monster like you know of the pure Grecian, the Doric, the Ionic, the Tuscan, the Corinthian, the—

The Lion. Truce to your calling names, my friend. In my day, taste in architecture was quite as well understood as it is now; and, assuredly, if any progress has since been made in the art, it cannot be laid to your door, with your Doric nonsense and trumpery.

Wilkins. Hollo! you brute, what do you mean?

The Lion. Simply, that you have made as pretty a piece of national botchery with your National Gallery as ever was perpetrated.

Wilkins. And who the devil are you? Who taught you to judge of your superiors?

The Lion. Whether the offspring of Bernard Jansen, or Gerard Christmas, or Moses Glover, it matters not.* Whoever was my parent knew that "Omnes homines, non solum architecti, quod est bonum possunt probare: sed inter idiotas et eos hoc est discrimen, quod idiota, nisi factum viderit, non potest scire quid futurum sit. Architectus autem simul animo constituerit, antequam incesserit, et venustate, et usu, et decore, quale sit futurum, habet definitum."

Wilkins. What is all this about? I don't understand Greek.

The Lion. Greek! It is Latin: it is Vitruvius, whom you translated.

Wilkins. Oh! is it? What does it mean, then?

The Lion. It means, that "that which is obviously good, not architects only, but all men are able to appreciate. But between architects and idiots the difference is this: that an idiot cannot judge of the effect of a work till he sees it done; whilst an architect, the moment he has conceived his design, has its beauty, its utility, its propriety, all present to his eyes before he begins."

Wilkins. Well, well, I thank you for the compliment—say no more about it.

The Lion. You thank me for the compliment! why, it is the heaviest censure I could pass upon you.

Wilkins. Bah! you're a—lion.

The Lion. You would use the other epithet if you durst. But come, I'll make an example of you, any how. You speak of my old friend, the portico of St. Martin's church, as a poor

work—nothing to your Stinkomalee, which, thank Heaven! I have never seen; and you vaunt your higher genius: "I should have passed a great many years of useless study if I could not design something very superior to this portico." Now, look at your own portico! Where is the fine depth of St. Martin's, even allowing the intercolumniations to be a little too wide; and what, in the name of the ridiculous, are these two strange-breasted females doing in the centre, the one riding on the crupper of a horse, and the other on the rump of a camel?

Wilkins. The women are fancies of mine; and, as for the portico, is it not edged in the most novel style by two adjutants, as it were? And speak of intercolumniation—are not these different from the portico? so, if you don't like the one, it is likely you may like the other, or else you are—hard to please, that's all.

The Lion. You began—as I overheard his grace read to the duchess one morning in the *Literary Gazette*—you began by abusing the church portico; and when that admirable journal shamed you out of your vain-glorious puffery, what have you done? You have, in the face of public opinion and the censure of every competent judge, contrived to indulge your spleen by throwing back your eastern wing, so that you still destroy the view of the church, though the western termination against the saddler's gabel-end is the most unsightly in all London. Why, if you had forty or fifty feet to spare, did not you give it to the other wing, and not try to spoil that which you could never emulate?

Wilkins. You be d—d!

The Lion. Poor St. Martin's church! When Isaac Ware, as yet a workhouse lad, lay reclining on the pavement before this beautiful structure, sketching that rude, but correct outline which foretold his future greatness, little did he think how that spot, already illustrious, was still further destined to be distinguished,—not, alas! by another exhibition of genius, nor in a boy,—but by the handiwork of one who has cut his wisdom-teeth in vain in the character of an educated architect.

Wilkins. My name will go down to posterity as the architect of this splendid structure. You have already confessed that even the name of your edifier is unknown.

The Lion. Seven cities contended for the honour of being the birthplace of Homer: what glory! But the disgrace of being handed down to future years, without competition, as the author of the most vile production of the architecture of the 19th century, is yours alone.

Wilkins. D—n your tail! Descend to particulars.

The Lion. Why have you so incongruously surmounted a pure (impure) Greek building with balustrades?

Wilkins. Why, you fool, because every body saw that the building was too low; miserably mean near the College of Physicians; wretched even in comparison with the Golden Cross, Charing Cross. What could I do? I run on a balustrade to raise it.

The Lion. The ancients always tried to produce a grand effect, though they also looked to the beautiful. Whether did you consult the grand or the beautiful, or both, in the mustard-pot order of your Saracen turrets and cupola?

Wilkins. This is pretty well! Don't you see that these are in opposition to, and to shew my superiority over, your own dirty square turrets, and that centre on which you stand, more like a donkey than a lion?

The Lion. Cannot you discern the difference,

and that what is good in one place and style is the reverse in another? The old mews, designed by Lord Burlington, which you have unworthily superseded, was consistent; I am consistent; but your Gallery is a medley of all inconsistencies. Your turrets—

Wilkins. Are of the most perfect *outré* of the school of Boromini—

The Lion. Upon the Greek! and your figures?

Wilkins. Are odds and ends of sculpture, I picked up about the late Carlton House, and so forth. Isn't my Britannia fine? I pocked off her lion and unicorn, that she might resemble Minerva; and set her looking contempt upon the portico of St. Martin's. There's an idea worthy of—

The Lion. Not of Minerva, for she is not your inspiring goddess. But who are all these niches for, along the front?

Wilkins. Let me see! Why, there are nine on each side of the portico for the muses.*

The Lion. One side for the classic nine, and the other for the King's *mews*, I suppose,—another class. But I see you have filled half a dozen in. What are these, with wings up?

Wilkins. How the devil should I know? Don't they fill their niches? that is enough for me. I tried some of them on the top, but the side views made them so like kangaroos that I took down my angels.

The Lion. Heaven help us! Your elevation is altogether deficient in unity. Utility ought always to be apparent; and you shew none whatever. Your arches cut through the story, and catch and offend the eye. Archways, a parapet, and balustrades, to a Greek building!—nonsense!

Wilkins. Be civil, or I'm— if I won't be worse than an Androcles, to tame you, ye beast!

The Lion (wagging his tail). Where is your unity?

Wilkins. I have divided my front into eleven compartments, in order to "break my outline."

The Lion. Broken, with a vengeance! Where is there ought to denote the purpose of the building, and its connexion with the fine arts?

Wilkins. Why, are not the slices of pilasters the same as those of St. George's Hospital? Here is drawing, there tooth-drawing; here sculpture, there amputations; here carving, there anatomy. They are the same—they ought to be the same.

The Lion. There is no use in talking to so impenetrable a block.

Wilkins. Then, hold your jaw, you miserable screen!

The Lion. I am a fitting screen to a princely mansion, with a noble suite of apartments. You are a wretched screen, even to a workhouse.

Wilkins. Fiddle-de-dee!

The Lion. You are a most consummate goose; but daylight is coming on, and I should be ashamed to be seen speaking to you. A living ass, it has been said, may kick at a dead lion; but the converse does not hold, that a stone-dead lion may kick at a living—

Wilkins. You are a stupid, impertinent, ignorant, and tasteless brute. If you could come down, I'd kick you. As it is, I will deprive your house of the boast of possessing one feature beyond what my Gallery possesses; for I will stand here myself, in *propria persona*, opposed to you for ever. You are a beast—I say no more.

* A *verbatim* declaration of the architect; who must, therefore, have contemplated either two sets of the recognised muses, or eighteen of his own invention.

* The architect by whom Northumberland House was designed is not accurately known; but it is generally attributed to Bernard Jansen, who practised in the reign of James I. The central part of the street front had, until the middle of the last century, the letters C. A. E. in a frieze near its summit; from which circumstance, Vertue, finding that Gerard Christmas was an architect and carver of reputation at the time the house was built, supposed their meaning to be, "Christmas Aedificavit," and imagined such frontispiece to have been designed by him. This is assented to by Walpole, who says, "Jansen probably built the house, which was of brick, and the frontispiece, which was of stone, was finished by Christmas." The design of this building has, also, been attributed to one Moses Glover; which is presumed to have been probable, from the circumstance of an old and curious survey of Lion House and the neighbouring villages, still in existence, having been performed by that person, who was a painter and architect. The building originally formed three sides of a quadrangle, to which a fourth, to the south, was afterwards added, under the direction of Inigo Jones. About the year 1750, extensive repairs and additions to the house were made by its noble owner, nearly the whole of the street front having been rebuilt: the central part, however, was but slightly altered, and its appearance is now essentially the same as when first erected. It is surmounted by a carved lion passant, the crest of the family of Percy.

INTERESTING HISTORICAL DOCUMENT.

The following curious unpublished letter from the Duke of Bedford to the Citizens of London, temp. Henry VI., having fallen under our observation, we have much pleasure in making it public, together with some historical remarks.

By the Duc of Bedford.

RIGHT trusty and welbeloued, we grete you wel with al oure herte, And for as muche as hit liked our lord bat [but] late a goo to calle the King oure souuerain lord, that was from this present world un to his pardurable blisse, as we truste firmly, by whos deces, during the tendre age of the King oure souuerain lord, that is now the gouernance of the Reaume of England, after the lawes and ancien usage and custume of the same Reaume, as we be enfourmed belongeth un to us as to the elder brother of our saide souuerain lord that was, And as next un to the coroune of England, and hauning chief interesse after the King, that is oure souuerain lord, Whom God for his mercy preserue and kepe, We praye you as hertely and entierly as we can and may, And also requere you, by the faiche and ligeance that ye owe to God and to the saide coroune, that ye ne yeue in noo wyse assent, conseil, ne confort, to any thing that myght be ordeined, purposed, or aduised, in derogacion of the saide lawes, usage, and custume, yif any suche be, or in prejudice of us. Lattynyng yow faithfully wite that our saide prayer and requeste procedeth not of ambicion, ner of desir that we myghte haue of worldly worships, or other of any singular commodite or prouffit that we myght recyue thereby, but of entier desir and entente that we hane, that the forsaide lawes, usage, and custume, ne shulde be blemysht or hurt by oure lachesse, negligence, or defaulte, ner any prejudice be engendred to any personne souffisant and able to the whiche the saide gouernance myght in cas semblable be longyn in tyme commynge, Making pleine protestacion, that it is in no wise oure entente any thing to desire that were ayenst the lawes and custumes of the saide lande, ner also ayenst the ordonnance or wil of oure saide souuerain lord that was sauynng our righte, to the whiche as we trowe and truste fully, that hit was not oure saide souuerain lordes entente to deroge or doo prejudice. And God haue yow in his keeping. Written under oure signet, at Rouen, the xxvj. day of Octobre.

To oure right trusty and withe al oure hert welbeloued the Maire, Sheriffs, Aldermen, bourgeois, and Communes of the Cite of London.

This letter was written in the month of October, immediately following the death of Henry V. From the manner in which the duke alludes to Henry's will, we may infer, that that document, which is yet to be discovered, did not constitute him governor and protector of the realm during the minority of the young king, as has been stated by an able writer on the subject.* Had such been the case, he would not have grounded his right to the chief administration of the government, upon the information of others, who stated it to pertain to him by ancient law and usage, as elder brother of the deceased monarch, when, in fact, no law or usage of the kind had ever existed; † nor would there have been the least necessity for him to disclaim, so repeatedly, all ambitious designs in requiring the citizens to acknowledge his authority; since, if his pretensions were recognised by the will, he could have distinctly referred to it, and thereby quieted all apprehension respecting his views. But the strongest confirmation, perhaps, of our

opinion, is to be found in the duke's observation, that "he trusted it was not the late king's intention to prejudice his right," which is almost a confession that that right was not alluded to nor acknowledged by the "ordonnance, or will." On the Parliament Roll, 1 Henry VI., is an entry deserving of some attention, as it supports this view of the matter.* The Bishop of London, Chancellor of Henry V. for the Duchy of Normandy, shews the parliament that, of two great seals which he had in his keeping, the one ordained for the said duchy, and the other similar to the great seal of England, he had delivered the former, immediately after the king's death, to the Duke of Bedford, at Rouen; and this he did by the advice of the Duke of Exeter, the Earl of March, the Earl of Warwick, and several other English noblemen, seeing that the late king, on his death-bed, had committed the government of the same duchy to the said duke, for a certain time; but, as to the other great seal, he had delivered it to the king himself. Hence it is clear, that if Henry's will had given the duke the same authority over England, and the other dominions of the English crown, as, by the king's dying injunction, he possessed over the Duchy of Normandy, the bishop would have been advised, and in duty bound, to deliver the other seal to him also. But no such authority being recognised by the lords, the seal was, as a matter of course, given up to the young king and his council.

MUSIC.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.

THE Duke of Cambridge was director for the third concert, which, consisting almost entirely of old-established stock-pieces, may be dismissed in very few words. The only part of the bill of fare which had not been recently heard was a scene from Joshua, for treble and counter-tenor, consisting of recitative, airs, and a duet, to which Madame Caradori and Mrs. Shaw did great justice. The former lady, especially, sang the air "Hark! 'tis the linnet," in so finished and beautiful a style, as to extort very audible applause from even this usually apathetic audience. Among the principal singers, in addition to those already named, were Mrs. Knvyett, Messrs. Bennett and Phillips, who were admirable in their respective parts, and Messrs. Horncastle, King, and Green. The performance was, throughout the night, excellent; and we must not omit to mention, that Festa's madrigal, "Down in a flowery vale," bore evident marks of good rehearsing: the alternations of *piano* and *forte* were so well attended to, and the words were articulated so clearly and so exactly together, as to render the effect admirable, and produce a unanimous call for its repetition. Corelli's trio was charmingly played by Messrs. Lindley, Lucas, and Dragonetti; and Lindley's accompaniment to "O Liberty!" (excellently sung by Mr. Bennett), was delightful as ever.

Concerts.—On Monday, Miss C. Novello gave a concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, previous to her departure to Italy for three years. The rooms were well filled by warm friends of this promising young singer, who has long been most deservedly a public favourite, and we trust, will return to us only rendered more attractive by the study of the best models in the land of song. In "The mighty Power," a new song composed by V. Novello, with a basso obbligato by Dragonetti, she displayed her talents to so much advantage, that we should

have thought a visit to Italy altogether unnecessary.

On the same evening the *Societa Armonica* gave one of their best concerts, which was fully attended and much applauded.

Quartet Concerts.—Mr. Blagrove's fourth and last concert for the season was given on the 13th, and ought to have been noticed by us before, especially as it deserved high commendation for the beautiful performance of Haydn's Quartets. But nearly all the music selected was equally worthy of praise, and finely executed; the whole being well calculated to refine and improve the national taste. On Thursday, we observe, another of these entertainments is to take place for the benefit of their originator.

DRAMA.

King's Theatre.—Don Giovanni was, on Thursday, played here to an immense audience. Long ere the doors were opened, the Arcade and Haymarket entrances were surrounded by a crowd, some of whom were seen clinging to the near pillars, so great was the anxiety to be "in first." Owing to one of the doors not being properly opened several persons were slightly hurt. Many ladies turned back frightened; some, more bold, reached the pit, or the entrance to the pit, with no greater misfortune than a very considerable alteration in their costume. After some laughing and some quarrelling, as many as possible of the unfortunates who could not penetrate further than the passages were accommodated on the stage, and the opera commenced. As we belonged to the class of unfortunates, we could only hear, not see. The exquisite music was done ample justice to. Grisi, as *Donna Anna*, was in splendid voice; she almost surpassed herself: still, we would hint that Mozart needs no embellishment; the beautiful trio of the first finale could not be improved even by Grisi, and we would rather hear it as it was written. Albertazzi sang and played the part of *Zerlina* with great taste, but with a want of the energy necessary to the character; her voice is more suited to Mozart's music than any on that stage, and yet she appeared to less advantage on Thursday than on her former evenings—she was too tame. Nothing could exceed the ability displayed by Assandri; she was delightful in every part of her performance. Tamburini, as *Don Giovanni*, Lablache, as *Leporello*, and Rubini, as *Don Ottavio*, were beyond excellence; the latter sang a song towards the end of the opera so beautifully as to tempt the audience to wish for it a third time.

VARIETIES.

Effects of Light.—During the very foggy weather which occurred between the 7th and 10th of February last, the light-house at the Mull of Galloway was surrounded by small birds, in such amazing numbers that the keepers were employed for many hours in beating them off, so as to make the light free; and when the mist cleared away, they picked up more than 600, which had been thus killed. What is very remarkable, during the same period, similar birds appeared in still greater flocks at the light-houses on the island of Pladda, situated about sixty miles north of the Mull of Galloway. At Pladda, there are two distinct lights, on upper and lower stations. Both were beset by innumerable flocks, which were, as at the Mull Light, switched off by the light-keepers. No fewer than 1129 birds, chiefly larks, with some thrushes, blackbirds, starlings, fieldfares, and redwings, were found,

* Acts of the Privy Council, edited by Sir Harris Nicolas. Vol. III. Intro. p. xii.

† Witness the Minorities of Henry III. and Richard II.

* Rot. Parl. Vol. IV. p. 171.

Weather-wisdom.—Our Oracle has been completely out during all the past week, and "the aspects of Mercury" not worth a pinch of snuff. Instead of winds, rains, cold frosts, and thunder, we have had a continuance of mild, fine, and seasonable weather. For the next he augurs, "windy and cool, though bright and fair at times. The sun approaching the opposition of Saturn, denotes cold rain, also hail-storms. The 4th and 5th, cold and ill weather for the season."

The Literary Fund Anniversary. on Wednesday next, boasts of a very distinguished list of stewards; and the meeting is expected to be fully attended by many of our most eminent literati, who either belong to the ranks of the Society, or have accepted invitations to unite with their brethren in promoting the good cause. The Lord Mayor brings the influence of the city; Lord Stanley, the newly elected vice-president, will, it is hoped, be surrounded by many parliamentary friends besides those whose names grace the list; and we also anti-

* To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—Will you permit me to answer your correspondent's query as to the hurricane of the 29th November last. He states that it commenced on the 23d off St. Lawrence, and was met with on the 26th in longitude 32°. But the evidence fails as to its being the same hurricane; for the full moon of the 23d brought here, also, "stormy and rainy" weather, and on the 26th, also, my diary has, "gentle rain, heavy rain and high wind," and again at 10 P.M., "high wind and heavy rain—ditto all night." Hence, it is only shown that high winds prevailed on the 23d Nov. off America, and on the 26th in the Atlantic, when they occurred in England; but that the gale of the 29th was not felt in America about our latitude, is not shown. Yet it should be, to build the inference that the moon passing the two planets was not the cause of the commotion in the atmosphere. The statement that the storm travelled 50 miles an hour, which it did nearly in England, disproves the assertion that it commenced off St. Lawrence on the 23d, or six days before the conjunction. For six days, at the rate of 50 miles an hour, would give the length of its course 7200 miles, but St. Lawrence (lat. 49°, long. 60°) is only 2300 miles from London, not one-third the distance. It could have moved on only at the rate of 17 miles an hour, the rate of "a pleasant brisk gale." The balloon to Germany went 20 miles an hour in fair weather. The gale off America on the 23d was not, therefore, the hurricane we had on the 29th November. From the Land's End forward, it moved exactly at the rate of the tide. The time the tide differs at Weymouth from the Land's End is 2 hours; the storm took 24 hours; at Aldborough the tide differs from Weymouth 4½ hours; the storm took 44 hours; and from Lowestoft Road to Hamburg, the difference of high-water is 3 hours 10 minutes; the difference of the storm was 3 hours 30 minutes. These remarkable coincidences tend to prove that when there is much electric action in the air, the current of it follows the tide wave, the rise and fall of which must affect the chemical condition of the atmosphere; and, as every chemical action develops electricity, must develop and derange, or, as I term it, "excite the electric fluid."

Whenever any change is going on in the weather, electric action may be detected in the atmosphere; therefore electricity seems to have more to do with those changes than any other agent. To show the reality of this assertion, I send you the results of one hour's observation of the electricity here yesterday, by a simple little instrument which I have adapted for the purpose.—I am, &c.

Cheltenham, 25th April, 1857. R. J. MORRISON.

P.S. I hope you will make allowance in criticising my judgments on the weather, as this is a very peculiar season. I only profess to give "the general character of the weather." We have this day the "rain and high winds," at least, which I predicted from the sun coming to the declination of Saturn and sexile aspect of Herschel, &c.

Observations made on the Electricity of the Atmosphere by a Magnetic Electrometer, at Cheltenham, 24th April, 1857.

At noon, the weather was becoming fair, after a rainy and windy morning, and the instrument was placed in the shade on the roof of the Literary Institution. The needle fell into the magnetic meridian; but, in a few minutes, began slowly to deflect to the eastward; and at 0 h. 25 min. had reached 70 degrees to the east of north. This denoted a great extent of positive electricity in the air, which was rapidly clearing; thermometer, 52°. At 0 h. 45 min. the needle had returned 20 degrees to the north: the air brighter; moderate wind, S.W.; dark clouds, N.W. At one o'clock, needle at 40° E.; air warm and pleasant; distant thunder-clouds over the Malvern Hills; thermometer, 54°. At five o'clock the needle was again observed, and found deflected 30 degrees to the eastward; dark clouds and heavy showers over the Severn; rain and wind in the evening. The barometer during the day, about 29.44.

† A common electrometer for measuring the electricity of the atmosphere, having a small magnet suspended within by a delicate gold thread, in lieu of the pith balls.

pate the presence of T. Moore, and other authors of the first rank, to honour the festival and promote the prosperity of this admirable institution.

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—The Rev. Dr. Clark, president, in the chair. The Rev. L. Jenyns made some remarks on the unusual degree of cold which prevailed during March. It was stated that the mean temperature of the month, as deduced from observations made at Swaffham Bulbeck, was only 36.2, being the same as that of January, and more than six degrees lower than the average mean for March. The maximum was only 49, and the minimum 11; this last, which was a lower temperature than any experienced since the hard winter of 1829–30, having occurred on the morning of the 24th. Professor Willis exhibited and explained a machine which he terms a Tabulographic engine. The object of this machine is to transfer to paper any numerical series of magnitudes, so as to exhibit the curve which would be obtained by making those magnitudes a series of ordinates; a process of very frequent and important use in comparing the results of observations of various kinds, as, for instance, meteorological, tidal, and statistical observations. The machine takes three places of figures, is capable of being worked with very slight attention, and with great rapidity, and produces a sheet very readily legible and intelligible.—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

United Service Museum.—Dr. Lardner's second lecture on steam communication with India was, last week, delivered to the members of this Institution. Dr. Lardner's remarks were principally confined to the route by the Red Sea; all the difficulties of which he considered easy to overcome. The lecture was well attended.

Diorama.—This week, a splendid new subject was opened here—"The Basilica of St. Paul," in its integrity, and after its destruction by fire. The illusion produced by the change from the magnificent interior to a mass of ruins, is perfectly extraordinary. A beautiful structure of columnar aisles is at once converted into a wilderness of broken shafts and fallen timbers, &c. Nothing can exceed the general interest and effect. "The Avalanche of Alagna" produces in nature what the other exhibits in art.

Balloon Ascent.—Mrs. Graham, accompanied by her husband and Captain Currie, ascended from the Surrey Zoological Gardens, on Thursday, about 6 o'clock, and lighted safely near Bromley.

Overland to India.—Major C. Davies, of the Bombay army, accompanied by his lady, left England on the 19th of May last, and arrived at Bombay on the 20th of September. Except the heat of the Red Sea, they experienced no inconvenience whatever, and were gratified by many interesting sights. The route was from London to Antwerp, Brussels, Cologne, Stuttgart, Inspruck, Verona, the Betuna Pass to Florence, Leghorn, Malta, Alexandria, Atfe (canal joins the Nile), Boulac (port of Cairo), Suez, across the Desert, Jeddah, Mocha, Bombay, and the whole expense travelling, 162l. 14s.: at inns and servants, 39l. 4s. 7d.: total, 251l. 18s. 7d.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

A Series of designs, illustrative of Gray, from the pencil of the Hon. Mrs. John Talbot.—Some Account of the Lives of the Composers of the Liturgy, by the Rev. John A. Bolster, A.M., &c.—The Life of the late John Thelwall, with Notices of his Contemporaries, &c. by his Widow.—Three Voyages in the Black Sea, on the Coast of Circassia; with an Account of the Commercial Importance of its Sea-ports (in one of which the Vixen was seized), &c.—Dr. Waagen's (Director of the Picture Gallery at

Berlin, who gave evidence in 1836 before the House of Commons) Art and Artists in England.—Lieut. West's Travels in Oman (Muscat), Mount Sinai, and along the Shores of the Red Sea.—A Second Part of Hand-book for Travellers on the Continent; containing Southern Germany and the Danube, from Ulm to the Black Sea.—Ranke's Popes of Rome.—A Translation of the Pharmacopœia Londinensis, with Notes, by Dr. Casle.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. XC.: Moore's Ireland, Vol. II. 12mo. 6s.—Diseases of the Chest, by William Stoker, M.D. &c., Part I. 8vo. 16s.—Molent Accomplishments; or, the March of Intellect, by Miss C. Sinclair, 3d edition, post 8vo. 7s.—R. J. Nelson's Essay on Man's Moral Agency, 12mo. 5s.—The Deluge, a Poem, by Mrs. E. T. Caulfield, 8vo. 7s.—Christian Modes of Thinking and Doing, by the Rev. John Pring, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s.—Hymns for Baptist Chapels, by J. Swain, 32mo. 1s. 6d.—Coghlan's Guide to Brussels, 18mo. 2s. 6d.: Ditto to Belgium, 18mo. 6s.—Ellis's Water-side Practice of the Customs, 12mo. 10s.—The Irish Tourist; or, the People and the Provinces of Ireland, 4cap. 4s. 6d.—Master Wace, his Chronicle of the Norman Conquest, from Roman de Rou, translated, with Notes, &c., by Edgar Taylor, 8vo. 1l. 8s.—Observations on Equity and Common Law, addressed to Country Solicitors, 12mo. 5s.—Church and State, by A. Alexander, M.A. 4cap. 4s.—The Scripture Gazetteer, by W. Fleming, D.D., 6 vols. royal 12mo. (Vol. I.) 12s.—The Picaresque, by the Author of "Makanna," 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—On the Presence of God, translated from the French, 32mo. 1s.—The Latin Tutor, a Companion to the Eton Latin Grammar, 12mo. 3s.—Easy Introduction to the Greek Tongue, 12mo. 4s.—The Numerical Class-Book, by Mrs. Taylor, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Lingard's History of England, Vol. I. 4cap. 5s.—Select Notes of the Preaching of the late Rev. Rowland Hill, by E. Sidney, 12mo. 4s.—Athens, its Rise and Fall, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq. 3d ed. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—Oriental Customs applied to the Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures, 2d edition, with additions, by S. Burder, 4cap. 8s. 6d.—Britannia's Royal Chieftain, 4to. 10s.—Martin's British Colonial Library, Vol. VI. (Nova Scotia), 4cap. 6s.—Rory O'More, a Romance, by S. Lover, Esq., with fifteen Engravings, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d.—J. Wilson's Dissertations on the Reasonableness of Christianity, 2d edition, 7s. 6d.—Savery on the Original Election of the Church of God in Christ, 12mo. 3s.—Rev. C. L. Smith's Excursions through the Highlands of Scotland, royal 12mo. 10s. 6d.—The Comedies of Aristophanes, translated into English Blank Verse, with Notes, &c., by C. A. Wheelwright, 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.—The Book of Health and Beauty, 2d edition, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—The Works of Thomas Gray, edited by the Rev. S. Mitford, 4 vols. 4cap. 1l.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1857.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 13	From 29 to 41	29.76 to 29.83
Friday .. 14 28 .. 49	29.62 .. 29.77
Saturday .. 15 30 .. 50	29.65 .. 29.51
Sunday .. 16 27 .. 39	29.39 .. 29.42
Monday .. 17 26 .. 49	29.55 .. 29.74
Tuesday .. 18 31 .. 45	29.61 .. 29.67
Wednesday 19 36 .. 55	29.68 .. 29.66

Winds, N. and N.W.

Except the 15th, generally cloudy; a little rain on the 15th and 16th; snow in the mornings of the 16th and 17th: Rain fallen, .0125 of an inch.

April.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 20	From 33 to 55	29.76 to 29.76
Friday .. 21 22 .. 43	29.72 .. 29.62
Saturday .. 22 29 .. 50	29.50 .. 29.52
Sunday .. 23 32 .. 47	29.53 .. 29.59
Monday .. 24 29 .. 57	29.61 .. 29.72
Tuesday .. 25 24 .. 56	29.30 .. 29.43
Wednesday 26 39 .. 62	29.76 .. 29.77

Winds, S. and S.W.

Except the evenings of the 20th and 22d, the 25th and following day, generally cloudy, with frequent showers of rain; a little hail fell on the afternoon of the 22d. Rain fallen, .5875 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Review is again a little curtailed of its fair proportions, in order to make room for the press of temporary matter—Exhibitions, New Gallery, &c. &c. The only exception we have made to our miscellaneous branch is in favour of what will be considered by English historians a very curious document, relating to an interesting period; and, even in our Review, we have only postponed a few articles that can abide the delay, in order to pay the earliest attention to such subjects as Bulwer's "Athens" and Lockhart's "Life of Scott."

We will look to the "Society for the Encouragement of British Art" as soon as possible, and regret that we could not take it up in this No.

ERRATA.—In the account of Capt. Cavaglia's discoveries, in our last, we will thank our readers to improve its accuracy by making the following slight alterations:—Page 254, col. 3, line 49, after "behind the granite," instead of thus reaching, &c., read and thus to ascertain the direction of the northern one, if it should happen to pass that way; and five lines further on, for towards the west read towards the north-west. P. 255, col. 2, l. 17, for explored read cleared; and l. 20, for covered read faced.

ADVERTISEMENT.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

CLOSING OF THE PRESENT EXHIBITION.
BRITISH INSTITUTION,
FALL MALL.

The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of British Artists, is open daily from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening, and will close on Saturday, the 10th inst.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE THIRTY-THIRD ANNUAL
EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN
WATER-COLOURS, at their Gallery, Pall Mall East, is now
open. Open each Day from Nine till Dark.

Admission 1s.—Catalogue, 6d.

R. HILLS, Secretary.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the
ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.—The next Meeting
will be held at Liverpool, during the Week commencing on Mon-
day, September 11th. The Members of the General Committee
will assemble on the preceding Saturday.

By order of the Council,
JAMES YATES, Secretary to the Council,
JOHN TAYLOR, Treasurer.

London, March 31, 1837.

INCORPORATED LITERARY FUND
SOCIETY.—The Members and Friends of the Literary
Fund Society are respectfully informed that the Forty-Eighth
Anniversary of this Institution will be celebrated in Freemasons'
Hall, on Wednesday, May 3, when his Grace the Duke of Somers-
et, the President of the Society, will take the Chair.

Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, William Brockedon, Esq.
Right Hon. Lord Canterbury, Ben. B. Cabbell, Esq. F.R.S.
Right Hon. Lord North, F.S.A. Captain Chamier, R.N.
Right Hon. Lord Stanley, M.P. Rev. Dr. Crombie, F.R.S.
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William Harrison Ainsworth, Civil Engineer, F.R.S.A.

Tickets, 20s. each, may be had of the Stewards; of the Rev. W. London, Secretary, at the Chambers of the Literary Fund Society, 4 Lincoln's Inn Fields; and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern. Dinner at Six precisely.

ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.
Under the Patronage of the King.
Established 1810; incorporated by Royal Charter, August 7, 1827.
The Twenty-eighth Anniversary Dinner will take place in
Freemasons' Hall, on Saturday, the 6th of May, 1837.
The Marquess of Northampton in the Chair.

Stewards.

The Marquess of Abercorn.

The Lord Bateman.

Henry G. Atkinson, Esq.
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William Bradley, Esq.
Thomas Bell, Esq. F.R.S.
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Ticket, 20s. To be had of the Stewards, and at the Bar of the Freemasons' Tavern.

Dinner on table at half-past 6 for 6 precisely.

JOHN MARTIN, Secretary.

THE SOCIETY for the ENCOURAGE-
MENT OF BRITISH ART, desire to call the attention
of the Public to the plan and object of the Institution. The main
feature of the Society is the selection, by a Committee, of Works
of British Artists, to be afterwards distributed by Lot among the
Subscribers. Any other plan, however beneficial to Artists, does
not appear equally calculated for the Advancement of Art. A
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the winner, operates only to throw an increased sum of money
into the market, without directing its application. Each Sub-
scription of One Guinea entitles the Subscriber to one chance in
the annual distribution of the purchases made by the Society.
The present appeal is made to those who may be disposed to pro-
mote the Advancement of Art, in the hope of obtaining their
influence as well as their contributions in its support.

Subscriptions are received at Messrs. F. and D. Colnaghi and
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Hanwell; B. A. Kent, Esq. M.D., 30 Harley Street, Cavendish
Square; and of the Principal, at the School.

GEOLOGY.—PROFESSOR JOHN
PHILLIPS, F.R.S. and G.S. will commence a Course
of Lectures on the Remains of Creation, on Monday, the
15th of May, at Three o'clock in the Afternoon.

EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY.—Professor Wheatstone,
F.R.S. will, on Tuesday, the 16th of May, commence a Course
of Lectures on the Measures of Sound, Heat, Magnetism, and Elec-
tricity.

A Syllabus of the Lectures may be obtained at the College.
King's College, London, 20th April, 1837.

COURS DE LITTÉRATURE FRAN-
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Note on an Article in No. 129, on the War in Spain.
London: Longman and Co. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

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